The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 49

"BOOKMAN'S" GALLERY—
The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell 53

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 55

THE READER—
Robert Browning. By Professor Saintsbury 57
Robert Browning's Father. By Sir W. R. Nicoll, LL.D .. 63

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS 71

NEW BOOKS—
Browning's Early Work. By Roger Ingpen 74
A Poet's Children. By W. E. A. Axon 75
Witty Degeneration of the Heart. By Coulson Kernahan 76
Pick and Shovel. By J. H. Ingram 77
Three Children of Antæus. By Dr. James Moffatt 78
The Irish Renaissance 78
Professor Stuart's Reminiscences 79
A Psychological Novel. By Lewis Melville 80
Travels round London. By May Byron 80
English Philosophy. By Y.Y. 81
A Batch of Novels 82
St. Clare and Her Order .. 83
Old Irish Life. By H. A. Hinkson 83
The True Traveller. By Edward Thomas 84
Dostoievsky. By George Sampson 85
A New Life of St. Francis .. 86
Verse of Yesterday and To-Day. By Francis Bickley .. 86
Village Life 87
Here and Hereafter. By Joseph Clayton 87
Love in London 88
The Playwright. By Darrell Figgis 88
About Shakespeare 89

NOVEL NOTES—
Felix Christie—A Daughter of the Rich—The Bride of Love—Lord of I ongray—For the Queen—A Færy-Land Forlorn—Ebb and Flow—Sharrow—A Long Shadow—Innocence in the Wilderness—A Derelict Empire—Herself—Ruth of the Rowldrich—Dicky Dilver 90–93

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
London Stories—Anima Celtica—The Autobiography of a Working Woman — The Comedy of Catherine the Great — William James — Colour Music 93–96

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 96

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The June Bookman will be a Wilkie Collins Number, and will contain a special article on Wilkie Collins, by Arthur Compton-Rickett. Among the principal contents also will be "Heroes of Armageddon," by Walter Sichel; "The Centenary of John Forster," by Borrie Twede; "John Galsworthy's Poems," by A. St. John Adcock; "Recent Histories," by Thomas Seccombe; "Victor Hugo," by F. G. Bettany, Charles Lamb, etc., etc.

For much assistance with the Browning illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Mr. Elkin Mathews and Messrs. Cassell. To Mr. Mathews, too, we are under particular obligations in connection with the extremely interesting discoveries on which Sir William Robertson Nicoll has based his article concerning Browning's father.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are marking the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Browning by the publication of a handsome Centenary edition of his works in ten volumes. These are to include all the poems contained in previous complete editions, with the addition of a few short poems of various dates that the collected editions have not hitherto taken in. Each volume is to contain a Biographical and Bibliographical Introduction by Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, C.B., Director and Public Librarian of the British Museum, and will have a frontispiece portrait in photogravure, several of these portraits being now first published. The first volume will be ready on May 7th, and the others will be issued at short intervals, so that the edition may be completed during the Centenary year.

"George Wendern gave a Party," by John Inglis, which has attracted so much attention whilst it has been running serially in "Blackwood's Magazine," is to be published in book form by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons almost immediately.

Messrs. Constable are following their admirable anthologies "In Praise of Oxford" with one by Rosaline Masson "In Praise of Edinburgh," and they have one in preparation "In Praise of Cambridge," by Sidney Waterlow.

In February last, Dr. George Brandes celebrated his seventieth birthday, and the great Norwegian

critic's numerous admirers in this country will be glad to hear that he has at length been persuaded to come to England and deliver a series of lectures at certain of our Universities. He has undertaken also to give one popular lecture on "Shakespeare" or "Hamlet" in London, about the middle of May. Dr. Brandes' famous critical study, "William Shakespeare," and his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," are published over here by Mr. Heinemann.

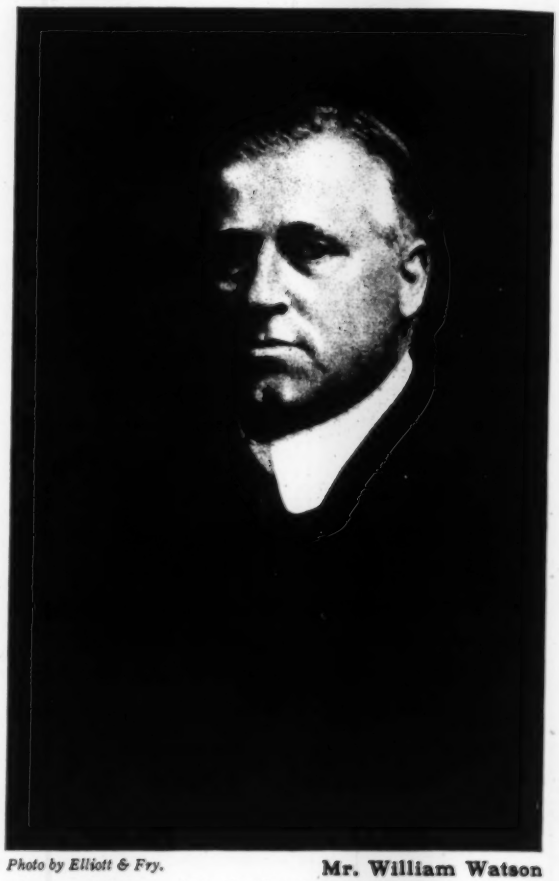

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. William Watson**
whose poetical drama, "The Heralds of the Dawn," Mr. John Lane is publishing.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer is publishing, with Mr. Fifield, a collection of American border ballads entitled "Drake in California." These comprise some of his later and relatively more popular poems. Mr. Scheffauer is a native of California, and was engaged there for some years in architecture, in the meantime making a notable place for himself as one of that distinctive school of Californian poets, of whom Joaquin Miller and Edward Markham are the leading figures. His first volume of verse, "Of Both Worlds," was published in San Francisco in 1903. Later he gave up architecture, travelled abroad, settled in London in 1905, wrote for *Macmillan's* and other of the literary magazines, and returned to San Francisco after the earthquake. He then wrote his poetic and symbolical forest-play, "The Sons of Baldur," which was produced at the yearly midsummer festival of the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Those who have seen them say that these dramatic festivals are absolutely unique, and that in many ways they are the most impressive of modern dramatic productions. They are given at night in the heart of a forest of giant and primeval redwood trees, some of them thousands of years old and of enormous height and girth. The plays, produced but once each year, are lavishly staged and costumed, with great choruses, illuminations of the hills and woods at the close, etc. They are a peculiar evolution of a new dramatic form, and among the first of modern open-air performances. Having published a second book of poems, "Looms of Life," in New York, where he spent two years in a settlement in the Ghetto, Mr. Scheffauer returned to London at the end of 1910. He has since won a considerable vogue in England and America as a writer of short stories, and has written various special articles of national interest for some of the most popular of the London magazines. His "Masque of the Elements," a poem based on the everlasting recurrence of cosmic life and death, was recently

Mr. Herman Scheffauer.
From a photograph by Dr. Arnold Genthe, of New York.

published by Messrs. Dent, and he has just finished a sort of epic novel of London, which will probably make its appearance this autumn.

Mr. Scheffauer says, by the way, that his literary preceptor in California was Ambrose Bierce, a most remarkable but neglected figure in American literature. Some of the greatest and most wonderfully imaginative of modern short stories will be found among those that make up his volume, "In the Midst of Life." Mr. Scheffauer has dealt with the work of Bierce in an article called "The Death of Satire," that is to be published presently in the *Fortnightly*.

The *Washington Post* reports a dinner party given by President Taft at the White House, with Mr. and Mrs. George C. Riggs as the principal guests. Mrs. Riggs' (Kate Douglas Wiggin's) play, "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm," was being presented that week at a Washington theatre, and after the dinner the President and his party attended the performance. At the end of the third act the house, having recognised Mrs. Riggs, raised an enthusiastic demonstration, and called insistently for a speech. President Taft rose and presented Mrs. Riggs to the audience, who greeted her with tumultuous applause that continued until, for a second time, the President got up and presented her to them. No living author in America is more popular in her books or enjoys a wider personal popularity than Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mr. H. H. Thomas has added two more volumes this Spring to the list of his works about gardening —"The Complete Gardener," which we reviewed last month, and "The Garden At Home," which we notice elsewhere in this Number. Both books are published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Thomas is a gardener by heredity; his father was head gardener to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and though at the outset of his career he was made a clerk in a bank, the other sort of bank on which the wild thyme grows drew him back to itself, and after acquiring special knowledge by several years of work in the Royal garden with his father, he had two years of gardening in France, then studied for two years at Kew. In 1900 he became Assistant-Editor of *The Garden*, and since 1907 he has been Editor of *The Gardener*.

By courtesy of the American "Bookman." **Lady Thackeray Ritchie.**
The facial resemblance of Lady Ritchie to her father comes out strikingly in this photograph.

Mr. Frederick Watson whose new book, "Incidents," we review elsewhere, is the son of "Ian Maclaren," but though he follows his father into literature he has a vein of humour and manner of writing that are entirely his own. He is only now beginning a career, but has contributed already to *Punch*, the *British Weekly*, and the *Westminster Gazette*, and has at present a serial story for boys, "White Man's Gold," running in that excellent magazine, *The Captain*. Moreover, he has edited a collection of essays by various authors, "From a Northern Window," that was published last year by Messrs. Nisbet, and a volume of his father's sermons, "Respectable Sins," that was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. At present Mr. Watson is engaged in writing a historical romance, "The Afterglow," that deals with a fine romantic episode in the later career of the Young Pretender. Withal, he is far from being one of those writers whom Byron disliked, the author who is all author. At Sedbergh school, at Edinburgh University and at Cambridge, he not only won a reputation as a contributor to the school and college magazines, but as a cricketer and athlete; and nowadays, though he

finds time for the writing of fiction, he is also in business as a publisher, and is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

Mr. Lewis Melville writes thus: "I beg you to give me a few lines in which I may correct a remark made in my review in the April issue of Sir George Trevelyan's "George III. and Charles Fox." Fox began to gamble less and less after 1792, the book says; and I pointed out that it was high time for him to begin to reform at forty-three years of age. My attention has been called to an 'Erratum' of one line at the end of the 'Contents,' from which I learn that 1792 was a misprint for 1782. This makes a very great deal of difference to the strength of Sir George's Trevelyan's defence of Fox. What appeared to be a piece of special pleading concerning a man of forty-three, is a very natural argument to adduce on behalf of one ten years younger. I regret my comment the more, because I should have known that the distinguished author was extremely unlikely so to blunder."

Mr. Keighley Snowden's next novel, "Bright Shame," tells the extraordinary case of a sculptor of genius who goes in search of a son he had not known had been born to him. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

We are sorry that an error was made in the dates which form part of the title of Mr. E. G. M. Routh's admirable volume about Tangier, which was reviewed in our last month's Supplement. The correct title of the book, which is published by Mr. John Murray, is: "Tangier: England's Lost Atlantic Outpost, 1661–1684."

In consequence of ill-health Mr. Yone Noguchi has been compelled to defer the publication of "The American Diary of a Japanese Girl," which Mr. Elkin Mathews was hoping to publish this season. In a letter that Mr. Mathews has just received from him, Mr. Noguchi says: "I wish you will do nothing with that American Diary till I will send you the definite report."

James Stephens.

Author of "The Charwoman's Daughter" (Macmillan) and "The Hill of Visions" (Maunsel), two books that we reviewed last month.

Frontispiece portrait in "The Hill of Visions" (Maunsel.)

In his new novel "The Family Living" (John Murray), Mr. Lacon Watson pictures the lives of the country clergy with an inside knowledge of his subject, for he comes of a clerical family and was born at Sharnford Rectory in Leicestershire. His father has five brothers of whom two also were ordained; moreover, his mother's father was a clergyman, and Mrs. Lacon Watson is a clergyman's daughter. He was educated at Winchester and Caius College, Cambridge. For seven years he tried schoolmastering, first at Reading, afterwards at Blair Lodge, in Stirlingshire, and there are side-lights, too, on the schoolmaster's life in the "Family Living." Whilst at Blair Lodge, Mr. Lacon Watson wrote a good deal, chiefly verse and essays; and in 1894, resolved to take up literature seriously, he came to London, settled in Staple Inn, and proceeded to bombard the daily and weekly Press with prose and verse. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was the first paper to give him any real encouragement. Most of the sketches in "An Attic in Bohemia" and "Benedictine" appeared there. He published his first volume, a collection of essays, in 1896. Then Mr. Elkin Mathews published three other of his books, "The Unconscious Humorist," "An Attic in Bohemia," and "Christopher Deane," the latter being his first novel.

About 1905 Mr. Lacon Watson adventured into the publishing and bookselling line, and his experiences may serve as a warning to authors who think they can publish better than the publishers can, for he lost £12,000 before he came out of it. Nevertheless, it enabled him to enjoy for a while the luxury of publishing his own books, and "Barkers," issued last year by Mr. John Murray, was the good fruit of his misfortunes.

The portrait of Browning on our cover is from the painting by Rudolph Lehmann, in the National Portrait Gallery.

The presentation plate portrait of Stevenson given in our last Number is the property of Mr. Walter H. Barnett. Stevenson gave Mr. Barnett a sitting for it out in Sydney, when he was visiting Australia in 1893.

BOOKMAN'S GALLERY.

THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

THE Right Honourable George William Erskine Russell was born in London in February, 1853. He is the youngest son of Lord Charles Russell, who was the sixth son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and he is a nephew of the renowned Lord John Russell. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford; he was Mr. Gladstone's private secretary and held office in three administrations. Noble in character as well as in birth, he represents the highest type of a true aristocracy.

I have read a great many reviews of Mr. Russell's books, and repeatedly I find the reviewer writing of him as if he was a garrulous old gentleman with a good memory and a ready pen. True, he has a good memory and a ready pen, but the rôle of the idle gossiper it would be constitutionally impossible for him to adopt. I cannot imagine him, for instance, taking the place of the late Mr. Labouchere in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, smoking innumerable cigarettes and retailing chatty scandal to a circle of admirers. He is more than "good company," as we say; he is a man in whose presence everything base and ignoble perishes. Few men can talk so entertainingly; he bubbles over with humour, but it is the type of humour which springs from a large and generous heart, not from a sour and cynical spirit. On the title page of his latest book—"Afterthoughts" (Grant Richards)—is printed a saying of Bayard Taylor's: "Epimetheus, the afterthoughted, receiveth access of vigour in looking backward, and groweth reversely from age to youth." It is extraordinarily apposite to Mr. George Russell, for no man of my acquaintance is more youthful in spirit than he or keeps to such an extent (what he himself is so fond of quoting) "The young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks." Perhaps family cares make men grow old. Mr. Russell is a bachelor, and in his very full life, favoured as we have seen by circumstances, he has never lost the enthusiasm of youth. The lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places; yea, he has a goodly heritage, but no one can accuse him of neglecting his opportunities or of being blind to his good fortune. No one could be less *blasé* than he; for the complex varieties of life he has a keen relish. Most of the literary giants of the Victorian era whom we have known only in print, he has known in person. With the leaders in Church and State he has worked or fought, for he "was ever a fighter." Fortunately he has kept a diary ever since he was twelve years old. In an edition of "Collections and Recollections" he tells us the story of the diary. "Several attempts at diary-keeping I had already made and abandoned. This more serious endeavour was due to the fact that a young lady gave me a manuscript book attractively bound in scarlet leather; and such a gift inspired a resolution to live up to it. Shall I be deemed to lift the veil of private life too roughly if I transcribe some early entries? '23rd.—Dear Kate came; very nice.' '25th.—Kate is very delightful.' '26th.—Kate is a darling girl. She kissed me.' Before long, Love's young dream was dispersed by the realities of Harrow; but the scarlet book continued to receive my daily confidences. Soon—alas for puerile fickleness!—the name of 'Kate' disappears, and is replaced by rougher appellations, such as 'Bob' and 'Charlie,' 'Carrots' this, and 'Chaw' that. To Harrow succeeds Oxford, and now more recognizable names begin to appear—'Liddon' and 'Holland,' 'Gore' and 'Milner' and 'Lymington.' But through all these personal permutations the continuous Life of the Diary remained unbroken, and so remains even to the present date."

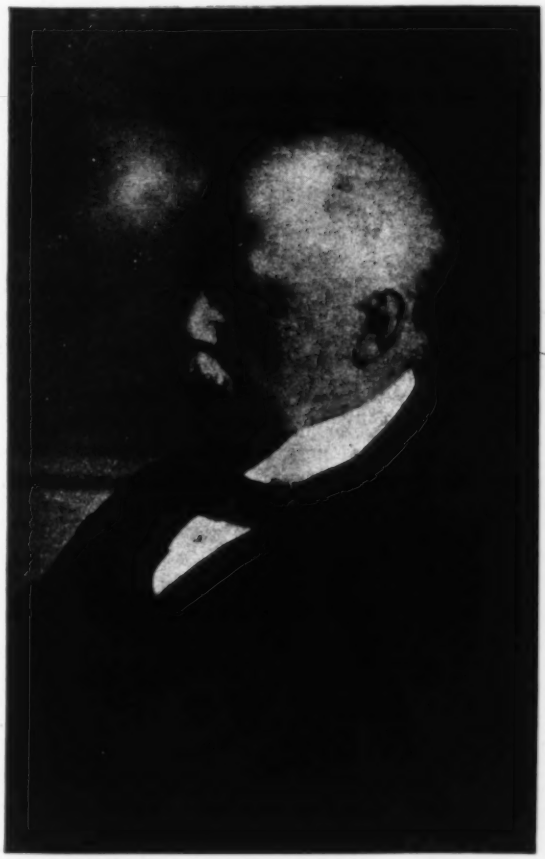

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

To those who have never tasted of the sweets of Public School and University life, the devotion of their sons to school and college is wholly inexplicable. The man whose education was derived from a private tutor at home sneers at the product of the public school who speaks with emotion of his glorious school days. It is a kingdom to which he has never had access, a realm where he is a total stranger. The public school spirit and

the indefinable charm of Oxford are subjects on which Mr. Russell writes, I think, at his best.

"I love her. Let the critics rail,
My brethren and my home are there."

Harrow and Oxford have entered into his life and have become part and parcel of his nature. In this connection I think I am justified in quoting an extract from a letter which he once wrote to me. He says:—"An Oxford education is, in my deliberate judgment, the greatest intellectual advantage which a man can enjoy—not merely in regard to the things learnt, but even more, in the widening of one's outlook on life, and the cultivation of the temper which seeks Truth and loathes prejudice. One may learn to argue anywhere, but Oxford teaches one to think. When I say 'Oxford,' I mean the University, with all its traditions and atmosphere. . . ."

In all his life this veneration for the Public School and the University has played a most important part, and any sketch of Mr. Russell, however brief, would be incomplete without a reference to it. It is generally known that "The Hill," the most successful of modern Public School stories, owes a great deal to the assistance of Mr. Russell—an assistance which Mr. Vachell has suitably acknowledged. And there is another story of the same class—"Follow Up" by Mr. A. D. Fox—in which Mr. Russell took a great interest; he once described it to me as "a good complement to 'The Hill.'" This affection for the spirit of the Public School is best expressed in the poetry of Henry Newbolt, another product of the Public School and the University:—

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all:
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all."

Dr. Johnson, in one of those oracular sayings of his, observed that "a man must write a great deal to make his style obviously discernible." I have on my shelves a dozen books written by G. W. E. Russell, and I might have more. Are they enough to "make his style obviously discernible?" Matthew Arnold said to Mr. Russell on one occasion, "People think that I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." Mr. Russell's work falls into two categories. He writes every Saturday in the *Manchester Guardian* on any conceivable subject; often a *Manchester Guardian* reader suggests a theme which Mr. Russell may be relied upon to treat entertainingly. Periodically he collects these articles and publishes them under some such attractive title as "Collections and Recollections," "A Pocketful of Sixpences," "Some Threepenny Bits," "Seeing And Hearing" and so on. His latest "collections" are "Afterthoughts" and "One Look Back." They are all rather similar in character. If all were provided with Indices (most of them are), one would be pretty certain to find many pages numbered under Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bedford, Wilberforce, Liddon, Kingsley, Browning, Bright and many other familiar names. In "Afterthoughts" Mr. Russell again conducts us round his Portrait Gallery and stops to discourse in a fascinating manner on the men whom he has known intimately—on Matthew Arnold, on Kingsley, on James Payn and, of course, on Gladstone. Every page is entertaining and illuminating, and his style is faultless; he has obeyed Matthew Arnold's dictum; he has something to say and he says it clearly. Never has he printed a page of slovenly prose. "One Look Back" (Wells Gardner, 10s. 6d. net), however, is a more ambitious book than "Afterthoughts." We are told that this is not a "full-dress autobiography," but it is undoubtedly the most personal book he has yet published. We still tread the same paths, Harrow and Oxford and Parliament and the Church, but Mr. Russell is at greater pains to show us his own footprints and to take us into his confidence, revealing at the same time his ambitions and ideals and desires. "The idea of Life as Service was always present to my mind," he writes, and "One Look Back" is an eloquent commentary on that noble aim. The chapter on "Home" is certainly one of the most beautiful things he has ever written. In addition to these collected articles, Mr. Russell has published some fine biographies and books of literary criticism. It is generally admitted that the best critique of Matthew Arnold is the volume by Mr. Russell in the "Literary Lives" series of Hodder and Stoughton, and his study of Sydney Smith in the "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan)—again, a subject very much after his own heart—is one of the best in that remarkable series. Mr. Russell is a strong churchman, and indeed had it not been for a serious illness while at Oxford, he would probably have taken holy orders. He has published volumes on eminent church divines, and all reveal his gift for writing English, his sympathetic and discerning criticism.

Mr. Russell's scrap-books are among his most cherished possessions and contain some exceedingly amusing cuttings. I remember him showing me on one occasion the following about an unknown namesake of his: "George Russell described as a 'Singing Pilgrim' was charged with playing a concertina in the streets on Sunday for the purpose of collecting alms. The prisoner said he only sang Moody and Sankey's hymns and received money without asking for it. He was discharged with a caution." It is hardly justifiable, perhaps, to twist this humorous cutting into a text for a sermon on Mr. Russell, but a pilgrim through life he has been—observing, noting, enjoying. That diary of his which was first used in the book which brought him literary renown ("Collections and Recollections") is a pilgrim's diary, and I do not think that the mine of anecdote and experience is yet exhausted. Unless I am much mistaken future students of the manners and men of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will find in the books of Mr. George Russell their richest quarry, and will esteem them as highly and love them as greatly as we value and appreciate the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

I. N.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1st to June 1st, 1912.

Messrs. G. Allen & Co. (Incorporating Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., and Messrs. George Allen & Sons.)

BALFOUR-MURPHY, W. J.—The Rise and Fall of Nations. 5s. net.
BOUCHER-JAMES, S.—The Soul's Destiny: Poems. 5s. net.
BRYANT, T. HUGH.—The Churches of Suffolk: In 2 Vols. East and West. Illustrations. Sold separately, 2s. 6d. net each.
COX, REV. J. CHARLES.—The Churches of Nottinghamshire. 2s. 6d. net.
GUILFORD, EVERARD L.—The Memorials of Old Notts. With about 35 Illustrations. 15s. net.
HOLMES, ALEC.—The Emporium: A Novel of Society. 6s.
HIND, C. LEWIS.—Brabazon and his Art. 24 full-page Coloured Illustrations. 21s. net.
JONES, E. ALFRED.—The Memorials of Old North Wales. With many Illustrations. 15s. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—Joyzelle. To be issued in Pocket Edition for the first time. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net.
SEDGWICK, CAPTAIN F. R.—The Russo-Japanese War. Part II. Liao-Yang. Cloth and maps in pocket, 5s. net.
WUNDT, PROFESSOR WILHELM.—Outlines of Psychology. Translated by Rudolph Pintner, Ph. D. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BLACK, J. SUTHERLAND, and CHRYSTAL, GEORGE (Editors).—The Life of William Robertson Smith. Illustrated. 15s. net.
BLACK, J. SUTHERLAND, and CHRYSTAL, GEORGE (Editors).—Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith. Frontispiece. 10s. net.
CROCKETT, W. S.—Abbotsford. (Beautiful Britain Series). 1s. 6d. net.
ELLIOTT, MABEL SOPHIA.—Historical Geography of the British Isles. 1s. 6d.
LICHTENBERGER, ANDRÉ.—Alsace. (Les Braun Voyages). 1s. 6d. net.
SHENESSEY, S.—The Children's World. 1s. 6d.
SHERINGHAM, H. T.—Coarse Fishing. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

CLAY, BERTHA M.—For Love and Life. 6d.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Red Room. 1s. net.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—War and the Woman. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Guide to London. 6d. net and 1s.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BROWN, VINCENT.—The Chief Constable. 6s.
KIDSON, ETHEL.—Herringfleet. 6s.
KITCHEN, ADVOCATE.—A History of Divorce. 7s. 6d. net.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Grey Terrace. 6s.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—George Borrow: The Man and His Books. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, GILBERT.—Birds of Passage and Other Verses. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

FRANKAU, GILBERT.—Catalogue of the Paris Salon Exhibition. With 300 Facsimile Illustrations. 3s.
FRANKAU, GILBERT.—One of us: A Novel in Verse. 3s. 6d. net.
WHISTON, WILLIAM (Translator).—The Complete Works of Flavius Josephus. With Maps and Illustrations. In 2 Vols. 5s. net per vol.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Junior Geography for 1913. 2s.
MARICHAL, J. P. R., L-ès-L., and GARDINER, L. J., M.A.—New Junior French Reader. 2s.
MOFFATT, C. W. P., M.A., M.B., B.C.—Science French Course. 3s. 6d.
TATE, A. J., M.A.—New Junior Latin Reader. 2s.

Messrs. A. C. Fifield.

BURR, F. BONHAM.—The Miracle, and other Poems. 1s. net.
GUEST, DR. HADEN.—The Care and Nursing of Children and Babies. 1s net.
HOBSON, MRS. J. A.—A Modern Crusader. 1s. net.
PICKERING, J.—The Cap of Care: A Narrative Poem with Interludes. 1s. net.
WEBB, A. PELHAM.—Sonnets. 1s. net.
WILLIAMS, HAROLD.—The Ballad of Two Great Cities. 1s. net.

Funk & Wagnells Company.

BAGNELL, ROBERT.—The Economic and Moral Aspect of the Liquor Business. 3s. net.
DALTON, PROFESSOR FRANK EUGENE, P.S.A.—Swimming Scientifically Taught. 5s. net.
DUBOIS, PAUL, M.D.—The Education of Self. 349 pages. 6s.
JACKSON, SAMUEL MACAULEY, D.D., LL.D.—The New Schaff-Herzog Ency. of Religious Knowledge. Now complete in 12 quarto vols., aggregating about 6,000 pages. £12 12s. net.
PATTERSON, CHARLES BRODIE.—Living Waters: or, Rivers to the Ocean. 356 pages. 5s.
RAYMOND, GEORGE LANSING, L.H.D.—Suggestions for the Spiritual Life. 6s. net.
THOMSON, WILLIAM HANNA, M.D.—The Life and Times of the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. 5s. net.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

FITZGERALD, PERCY.—Pickwick Riddles and Perplexities. 1s. net.
LAUNSBERY, G. CONSTANT.—Poems of Revolt and Satan Unbound. 3s. 6d. net.
LINCOLN, JEANIE GOULD.—The Luck of Rathcoole. 6s.
MACGRATH, HAROLD.—The Carpet from Bagdad. 6s.
MATHEWS, JOHN L.—The Log of the Easy Way: Life on the Mississippi. 6s. net.
MATHEWSON, ANNA.—The Song of the Evening Stars. With Caricatures by Signor Caruso. 2s. 6d. net.
POWERS, CAPTAIN J. T.—The Garden of the Sun. 6s.
SCRIBNER, FRANK K.—The Secret of Frontellac. 6s.
STEAD, ROBERT J. C.—Songs of the Prairie. 1s. 6d. net.
WILSON, CATHERINE.—The Modern Evangeline. 6s.

Messrs. G. Harrap & Co.

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THE READER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

By Professor George Saintsbury.

THE curious group of anniversaries which has been with us for the last year or two, has had no parallel for more than a generation. But students of literary history could, without a Macaulayan memory, give a considerable list of similar coincidences, which are indeed, though the intervals at which they occur are very irregular, rather the rule than the exception. For closeness and distinction, however, it would be hard to match, and perhaps impossible to beat, the quartette which has just been completed by the anniversary of the birth of Browning.

It is a little amusing, and more than a little pitiful, to remember how much of the commemoration in each case has taken the form of that apparently irresistible "cock-fighting" which, to so many people, seems to provide their whole notion of criticism:—of attempts to exalt or depress the "novelist of the classes" or "of the masses" and to pit the "poet of form" against the "poet of thought." Let us see if, for once, we can escape this pitfall, or at least this rut, and find something to say about Browning-by-himself-Browning; if we can at any rate keep clear of the old cock-pit and make comparisons, should comparison be necessary, only with the great poets of the past and the great precedents which they have, as far as such a thing is possible, established for the present and the future.

Not easily shall anyone have read all that has been even recently said about such a poet—especially one who was not long ago the subject of so much *engouement*. But I do not seem to have met anywhere a full recognition or discussion of one characteristic of his which, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, distinguishes his poetry from that of nearly all other poets in kind, and from that of all other poets, almost without exception, in degree.

The words "Impressionism" and "Impressionist" were not (so far as I know) invented for many years after Browning began to write poetry: they were certainly not in common use very much before his death, and they had not, even then, been much extended beyond the arts of design. But such an Impressionist as Browning, in the sense in which the word has a proper and useful reference to poetry, the world had never seen before and is very unlikely to see again. Of course all poets, as distinguished from mere versifiers, are impressionists, in that they give us, to use Mr. Pater's memorable correction of Coleridge, "their sense of fact" instead of the mere fact itself: while it may be added that there is actually the same distinction between users of verse who simply leave the metre to do what it can for itself, and those who impress their own colour and tone upon it. When Pope wrote "Windsor Forest," though he might have got the fresh impression by simply stepping out of doors, he preferred to draw on his books, and so produced a pretty, orthodox, dead, *académie*. When he wrote the "Character of Atticus" spite if not truth stamped a quasi-real impression on his mind, and he produced a master-piece. But in truth there is no need to labour so obvious a point. From the day and the poem in which Horace looked upon Soracte, to the day and the poem in which Tennyson (no odious or odorous comparison here!) saw with the eye of the mind Sir Lancelot and the Queen riding through the coverts that he had seen with the eye of the body; long before the one and ever since the other, poets have been impressionists in this way, and have been so of necessity. Nor has this impressionism been limited to the sense of sight, bodily or imaginative. All narrative, all reflective, all emotional poetry that has been good for anything has borne, in this way or that, to one extent or another, the hall-mark of the personal impression upon it.

In this sense and direction, therefore, Browning is not more of an impressionist than all good poets are: or is more so only in the ratio of his goodness. But there is another way in which the title is very specially and peculiarly his—in which indeed, as was said above, hardly any one can compete with him for it.

With nearly all poets, at least until very recently, the impression has been, merely or mainly, a sort of basis or study for the complete poem. In some cases, perhaps most, all but traces of it have vanished before the completed poem makes its appearance; in others it is obvious enough. But in Browning the process is different. In certain instances, whether the best or not we shall see presently, this process of absorption does take place: but in others, in the vast majority of his work indeed, it does not. Every phrase has behind it a more or less vivid impression: it is of more doubtful advantage that every impression sometimes insists on having its phrase.

Photo by Fradelle & Young. **Robert Browning, 1881.**
From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder).

Take for early examples, that incomparably beautiful passage which was afterwards enlarged and incorporated in "Dramatis Personæ" as "Nothing can be as it has been before," and "Pauline." Compare the first with Donne's (or anybody else's, for it does not here matter in the least) "Absence," or the "Bracelet" poem, or any other characteristic Caroline-metaphysical piece. The resemblances are striking enough: they are of the commonplaces of Browning criticism. But the differences! To the Caroline, the out-of-the-way images and ideas which his fancy or his imagination evokes are real but transient things; he may dwell on them less or more, but he is not consciously, at any rate not supremely, interested in the fashion in which they reach his mind, impress themselves on it, blend or transmute themselves, and depart. Browning is. He called himself

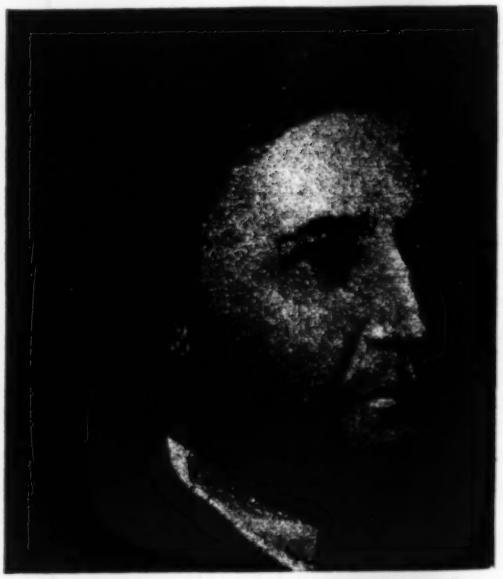
Robert Browning.
Drawn by R. Lehmann at Rome, May 22nd, 1859.

"You writer of plays," and some, even among his admirers, have unkindly denied him anything but *mono*dramatic genius: to which allowance Wamba's comment as to Rowena's forgiveness is painfully applicable. The fact is that Browning is always dramatic, but that his drama has very peculiar and rather uncanny characteristics. Not only is he, like poor Ludwig of Bavaria, the only spectator: but in an Emersonian fashion he is the theatre, the actors, the stage-manager, the sceneshifter, and most important of all, the play. The whole thing is a record of an impression of Robert Browning's, and unless you can by some *hocus pocus* substitute your mind for his, or at least put yourself into some telepathic connection with it, you must remain a hopeless outsider.

Again, take "Pauline"—that remarkable critique and key of all *Browningismus*, which, having offered it in vain to an entirely indifferent world, he locked away from the

Robert Browning, 1835.
From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

ungrateful public for a generation; and of which he seems not himself to have perceived the full virtues. Half a love poem, half a study of Shelley, and wholly (as he fortunately did *not* forget to tell us), written in pursuance of a plan involving the assumption of several different characters" and representing "a crab from the Tree of Life in his fool's paradise" it is simply a continuous, if prentice-hand, record of the impressions taken by a mind fully forged, but very imperfectly finished. From this point of view it is quite intelligible that Browning, though patient to an almost unexampled degree of questions about his work, should have frequently professed himself unable to answer them. There is no reason to suspect trick or pose here. The impression had originally been a weak or rapidly passing one (the most famous instance, "Childe Roland" was evidently due



Robert Browning.
From the water-colour drawing by D. G. Rossetti (begun in London and finished at Paris, 1855-1856), in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Reduced reproduction from photogravure plate in Vol. I of "The Works of Robert Browning." Centenary Edition. (Smith, Elder.)

Robert Browning.
From an oil painting by Gordig ani.
From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

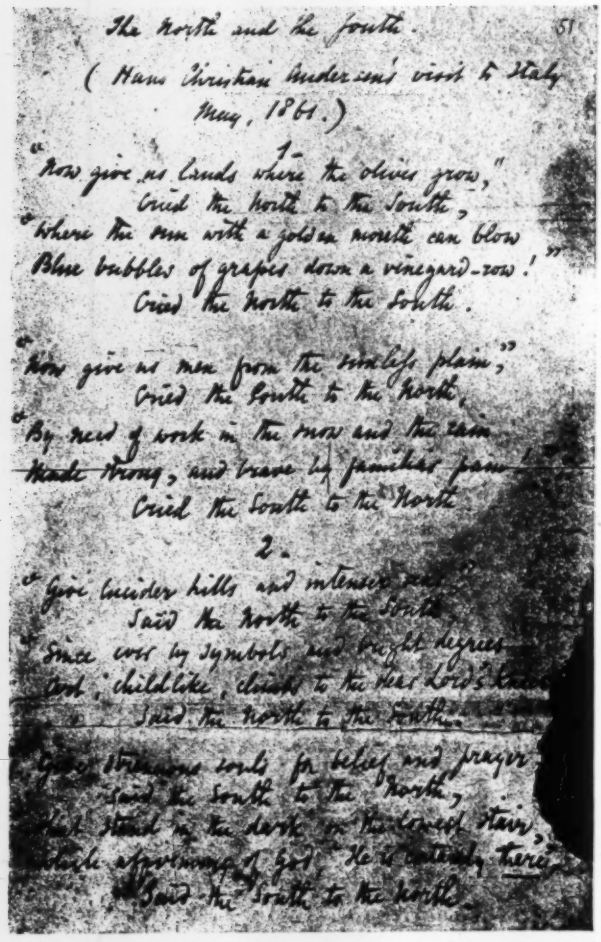
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
From an oil painting by Gordigiani.
From "The Works of Mrs. E. B. Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

to that "fierce vexation of a dream" which is known to be as passing as it is fierce) and the mind was unable to replace itself in the sensitive condition or position of yore.

If there be anything in this view of Browning's poetic character, the utter and long-continued neglect of him by the literary vulgar; the comic *engouement* which after many years substituted itself for neglect in the same class of persons; and the comparative drop in appreciation which has, still among the same class, though by no means universally, followed since, become more easily intelligible than ever. The rather common notion that Browning's original readers (where he had any) were offended or "put off" by eccentricities of style, diction, or verse, is, I believe, quite mistaken. There are very few such—in fact, hardly any at all—in "Pauline" and

50, Wimpole Street.
Residence of Elizabeth Barrett,
from 1842 till 1846, when she married Browning.

Marylebone Parish Church, Marylebone Road, where the Brownings were married.



The North and the South. 51

(Hans Christian Andersen's visit to Italy May, 1861.)

1.

"Now give us lands where the olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard-row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the treeless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the sun and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

2.

"Give lavender hills and intenser air,"
Said the North to the South,
"Since cool by symbols and bright degrees
God, child-like, closest to the bees' Lord's knees"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
Absorb effluences of God, & so unaware"
Said the South to the North.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's last poem "The North and the South."

This was written by her on Hans C. Andersen's visit to Italy at the end of May, 1861, and is in the handwriting of her husband, Robert Browning. (Facsimile of original in the British Museum.)

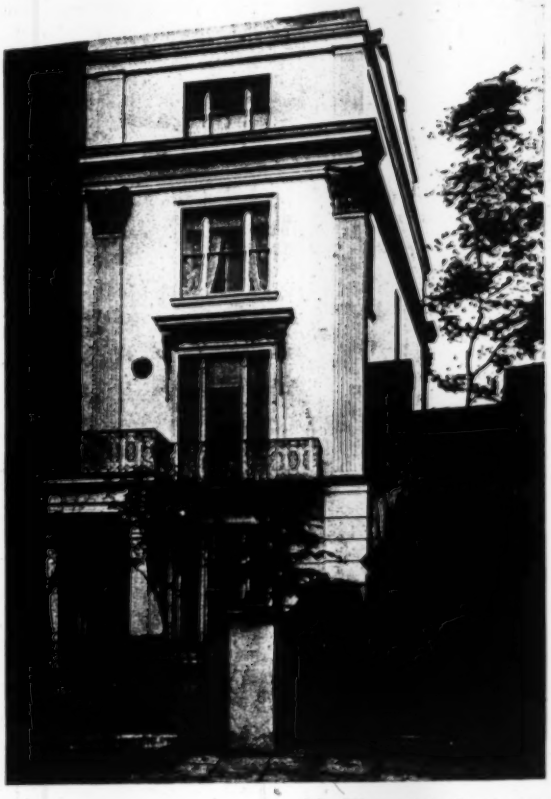
"Paracelsus"; not many in "Strafford" or even in "Sordello." It was not till the British public had definitely announced its intention not to like Mr. Browning yet, that he began to stick these banderillas in its hide. And when his more than thirty years of probation had passed, he had got too thoroughly into the habit to give it up, and the newer generation of readers had been taught to expect it, and not merely to endure it but to find that, as the French girl said of kümmel "*Ça pique dans le nez.*"

These new readers had indeed been brought, by panting Time as he toiled after Mr. Browning, to understand, or think they understood, the Impressionist process itself. To readers of 1830, no doubt, this process seemed unintelligible and not worth the trouble of understanding. The youngest of us in 1912, unless he is a mere *crêtin*, can hardly think himself cleverer than some of the persons who formerly pronounced judgment upon "Sordello" in almost the exact words just used. But the matter put before them had not gone through the processes that they had taught themselves to think necessary; and they declined to perform those processes for themselves. In fact, perhaps they could not.

In another generation a great many people had learnt how to understand, and a great many more had learnt that they ought to understand: and yet another passed again, and it had become more or less of a matter of course, a casual trick, and so on. Which things are common enough. But what is worth enquiring into is how far this peculiar fashion of poetry-writing produced or helped what is good, and what is not so good, in Browning's poetry.

That it had a great deal to do with the remarkable *volume* of that poetry must of course be obvious at once. A large, much the largest, part of Browning's work is simply what has been called a "record"—run straight off the plate or roll or whatever anybody likes to call it, of one part of the mind, as it has received the action of another. It is doubtful whether much of it ("The Ring and The Book" for instance) could have been produced in any other way. A poet who worked in any other fashion must have got sick of, or confused in, that extraordinary maze of going over the same ground from different starting points. Even Browning must (appropriately enough to the subject) have had to get up his brief on it with unusual care. But, that once done, he had only to adjust the machine, and Murderer-Browning, Martyred-wife-Browning, Pope-Browning, were ready to reel off their impressions as the different rolls or wheels were inserted. I think he could have given us another dozen or score if he had been so minded—that the four original volumes might have been fourteen or forty. In fact, the whole of his later work showed the dangers of the method, and such things as "Ferishtah's Fancies" and the "Parleyings," may be called its awful examples.

But fortunately Browning had a guardian angel, ready at any moment to save him from these dangers. Too



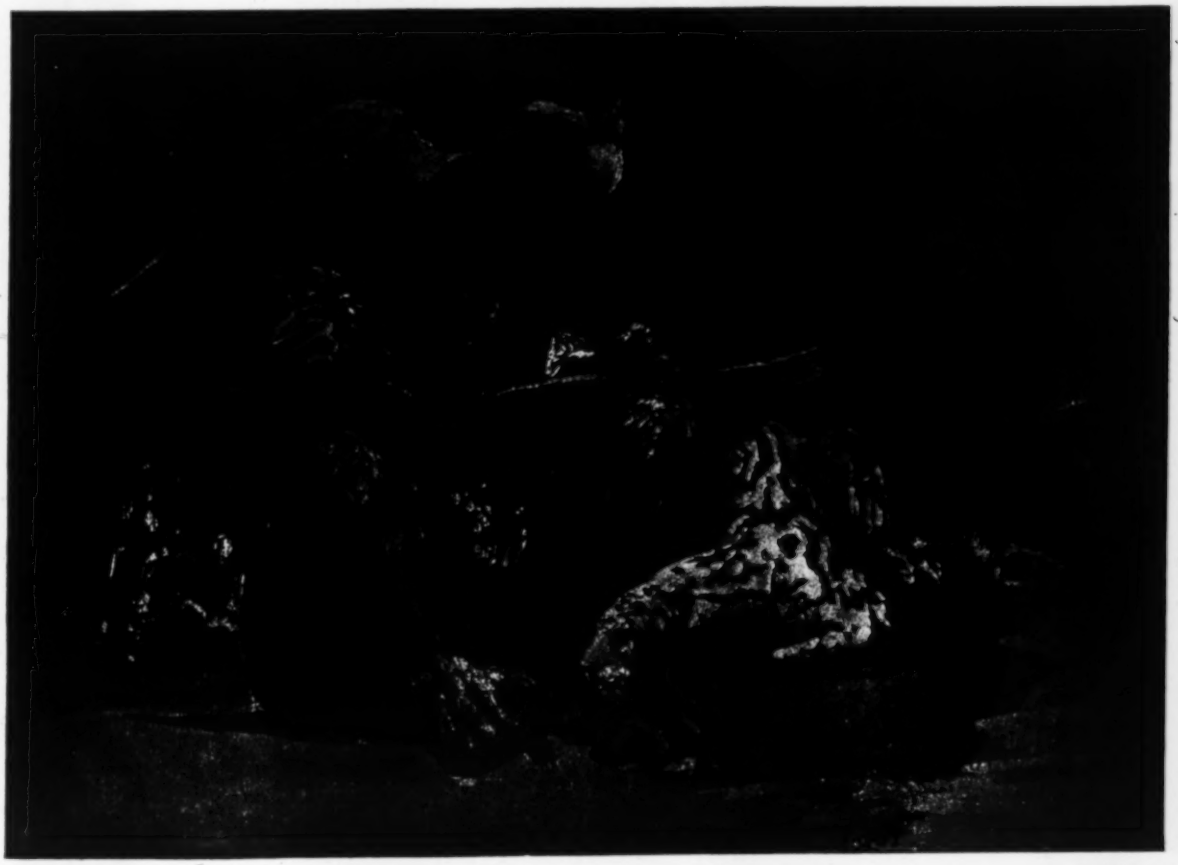
19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington Green,

Browning's London Residence from 1861-1887.

often he evaded the angel's care; but fairly often also, he did not. This "dear and great angel" was the Spirit of Metre in its nobler and more intricate forms. When the pure impressionist and almost improvisatore mood was on him, he contented himself with measures facile, ingenious, but undistinguished except in the doubtful way of eccentric rhythm or diction—with blank verse, *sermoni plusquam propior*, with current couplets, or with blocks of intertwisted rhyme where the intertwisting is, rather too evidently, not a means of procuring symphony but a mere shift for avoiding trouble and giving the impression its head.

But when the angel said "Beware of haste" what a different thing it was! The greatness of Browning's actual powers as a metrist was surprisingly long in being recognised, or rather not so surprisingly, seeing that his "thoughtfulness" was the bait that first caught most fish, and that the seeker after thought often has a virtuous but mistaken notion that metre and it are not so much friends as foes. He had, however, as a fact, no superior in variety of metrical art; and few in exquisiteness and intensity when he listened to the Angel. Of metre, which is the nectar of the immortal soul, it may be said, as was said so greatly of meat which is the ambrosia of the mortal body, that it "must be humoured, not drove." Browning "drove" it far too often, rattled it over the stones, shook the divine breath out of it, made one, to borrow and amend his own phrase, "*less than* half in a rapture and *more than* half in a rage." But sometimes also he did not; and then there is the rapture without the rage.

He had another gift of fortune, too, that he was never so lucky as when dealing with love, the passion that depends most on impression to begin with, and submits itself most happily to transmutation of impression afterwards. And so he gave us what would take a catalogue of unconscionable length to enumerate of masterpieces. Sometimes the mere single impression submits itself to almost complete artistic development and so in a way suppression, as in the very greatest things, "The Last Ride Together," "In a Gondola," the vision of the moon in "Christmas Eve," and scores of others. Sometimes, even in long pieces such as "Pippa Passes," and "Easter Day" itself or in "Fifine at the Fair" it does the same: but more generally in these it thrusts itself forward and shows a certain insubordination. Often, as in the abundant and blessed lyrical fragments, from the "Heap Cassia, sandal buds" of "Paracelsus" to the glorious Epilogue of "Asolando," it gives just the necessary impulse and no more. But it is always present. The fatal suggestion of the "copy of verses"—the paper, and the pen, and the ink, and the "Now we'll write a poem"—never occurs except in the case of persons in whose case it is not of the slightest consequence whether it occurs or not. Frequently, of course, the rapidity of the fashion in which the impressions present themselves, pass, and are succeeded by others, is something of a trial; sometimes it is, for



Caliban.

From the original water-colour sketch made by J. T. Nettleship in 1886 as a first study or his large painting in oils illustrating a scene from Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." Both the sketch and the painting are the property of Mr. Elkin Mathews who has kindly permitted us to reproduce the former. The painting was exhibited in the Academy of 1887. Browning watched the progress of the picture with great interest and in a letter to Mr Elkin Mathews, Mr. Nettleship says that when it was finished the poet expressed great satisfaction with it, declaring "This is my Caliban, not Shakespeare's!"

Robert Browning
reading "The Ring and the Book" at Naworth Castle, September 19, 1869. A drawing by the Earl of Carlisle, in the possession of Marchesa Edith Peruzzi de Medici.
From "The Wotks of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

Robert Browning
reading "The Ring and the Book" at Naworth Castle, September 19, 1869. A second drawing by the Earl of Carlisle, in the possession of Marchesa Edith Peruzzi de Medici.
From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

honest folk who do not give themselves airs, rather a puzzle to disengage the original impression itself, and a greater one to make quite certain of the artistic total that was intended to result. I think that, having made my explorations by the natural way of reading for some fifty years and more, I can make my way about Browning as well as most people, and I have, of course, private ideas that, in some of the *cruces*, most people are wrong and I am right. There is, I think, only one poem in the whole vast range where I confess myself completely baffled, or rather where I can see half a dozen different interpretations, none of them satisfactory, and that is "A Serenade at The Villa." But the theory at which I have been hinting, here at least, gives me a clue to the cause of the difficulty, if it does not solve it. The piece is an instance of mixed impressions which have run themselves together in the first process, and which the poet has not cared —or perhaps has not been able—to disengage in the second.

Such things are inevitable in the scheme: they occur indeed sometimes in poets whose defect is the want of spontaneous impression, not the superabundance of it. But the solace of the sin, if sin it be, is constant and abundant. When the art and the original impression work together the result is a vividness, an absence of bookishness, which is hardly to be found in any other poet, except in exceptions like Blake. The unearthliness which some people (thank Heaven! not all) find in Shelley is perforce not felt; and even in the most thoroughly "wrought-up" poems the sense of superabundant art or virtuosity which some (thank Heaven! again not all) find in Keats, and Tennyson, and Swinburne cannot possibly occur. Even the people, if there still be any such, who complain of Browning's "obscurity," can hardly, unless they are of infrahuman composition, charge him with aloofness. He may seem far in one way: he is always humanly near in another.

Of course he sometimes, nay, very frequently, allows and indeed encourages the impression to water itself out too much. In his own words (for there is no such commentator on Browning as Browning himself, and anybody who likes literary questing may look for two passages in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangaw" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" to illustrate this article)—

> "Here are very many words
> All to pourtray one moment's rush of thought,
> And very well they do it!"

But the "very well" is by no means always to be "meant sarcastic." Still, it cannot be denied that "The Inn Album" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" itself, to name no others, would have been infinitely better things in the time and at the scale of "Men and Women" than they are actually: and that almost everywhere, except in places where the sweet compulsion of lyric interferes, there are apt to be alarums and excursions of metrical rigmarole which none but fanatics will do more than suffer, with but occasional gladness. In this world, however, you must take things as you can get them; and it must now be a very curious, a very one-eyed, lover of poetry who grumbles or hesitates at the gift that was given just a hundred years ago to an England—necessarily at the moment quite unconscious of its luck, and fated to be very scantily grateful for that luck till half the time was over. The greater poets, and even the lesser for that matter, so long as they *are* poets, never repeat their predecessors; but it is difficult to imagine any poet even distantly suggesting the idea of a second Browning. The faults could be mimicked but hardly followed; the merits are inimitable; the combination of both unique.

How he has struck nearly three full generations of contemporaries we know; how he will continue to strike

futurity may perhaps be guessed with less rashness than usual. That a good deal of him (as of almost all the more voluminous poets) will be little read, is of course a certainty, made more certain by the very considerations which have been advanced here. That a very large proportion, especially of the lyrics (always the most immortal, because of the most poetical part of a poet's work) will survive, these same considerations make as certain. For they unite three appeals—the first two of which by themselves have been wont to serve as sufficient passports to the Land of Matters Unforgot. These are charm and distinction of form; directness of human interest of subject; and, finally and most especially, that other human interest of process of development and presentation which has been here dwelt on. Whether in this last, anything which has stimulated growth may, as such stimulants sometimes do, turn to a cause of decay, is as yet uncertain except to the Diviner intelligence. But there is very little falsehood in Browning; there are few poets who were less liars; and where there is little falsehood, there is not much fear of decay.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FATHER.

BY SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

IN 1910 there appeared "The Life of Robert Browning with Notices of his Writings, his Family, and his Friends by W. Hall Griffin, completed and edited by Harry Christopher Minchin." It was recognised at once by Browning students that in this book we had one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of the poet's mind and history. Professor Hall Griffin, whose labours were unfortunately cut short by death, had given years of his valuable life to an exhaustive study of Browning's history. He had the co-operation of Browning's friends and relatives, and above all he was able to make, with Mr. Barrett Browning's sanction, an extensive examination of the books in the Palazzo Rezzonico, those "wisest, ancient books," amid which the future poet passed his childhood. This examination was exceptionally fruitful in results.

Robert Browning, the poet's father, was described as a living encyclopædia. He had "the scent of a hound and the snap of a bulldog" for an old or rare volume. He was an ardent explorer of the bookstalls of London, and in later days of the Quais of Paris. His extraordinary collection of volumes had a lifelong influence on his son, who read them eagerly.

Professor Griffin gives many interpretative references. For example, he shows how Browning profited by his father's immense historical reading, how he derived from that storehouse of fact and fancy, "The Wonders of the Little World," by the seventeenth century Coventry divine, Nathaniel Wanley, the story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; how he derived from the Works of Cornelius Agrippa his preface to "Pauline"; how he was led to write, when a young man of three-and twenty, his first acknowledged poem of "Paracelsus."

Robert Browning, 1875.

After the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery. From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder.)

Browning the elder possessed three folio volumes containing the Works of Paracelsus. Another book owned by Browning's father was Melander's "Jocoseria," from which, in 1883, Browning took the name of one among his volumes. For a fuller account the reader is referred to Professor Hall Griffin's admirable book.

Robert Browning's parents were deeply interested in religion. Six years before his birth his mother had joined the Congregational Church which met at York Street, Walworth. Until her death, forty-three years later, she might have been seen Sunday after Sunday walking thither even from Hatcham, after the family had left Camberwell. Not even the acutest neuralgia could keep her from her place. Professor Griffin says that in 1820, under her influence her husband, "who had been brought up as an Episcopalian and is said to have been more liberal in doctrinal matters, also joined the Congregational body."

The poet himself adored his mother, and was in early days passionately religious. The minister of York Street Chapel was described by the late Rev. Edward White, who worshipped as a boy along with Browning, as one who "combined the character of a saint, a dancing master and an orthodox eighteenth century theologian in about equal proportions." Browning attended the chapel and read omnivorously, and was for a brief period under the influence of "Queen Mab," an atheist and a vegetarian. This phase, however, did not continue by any means.

Mr. Elkin Mathews, the eminent publisher, has very

kindly lent me some writings of the elder Browning, which fell into his hands a good many years ago under the following circumstances.

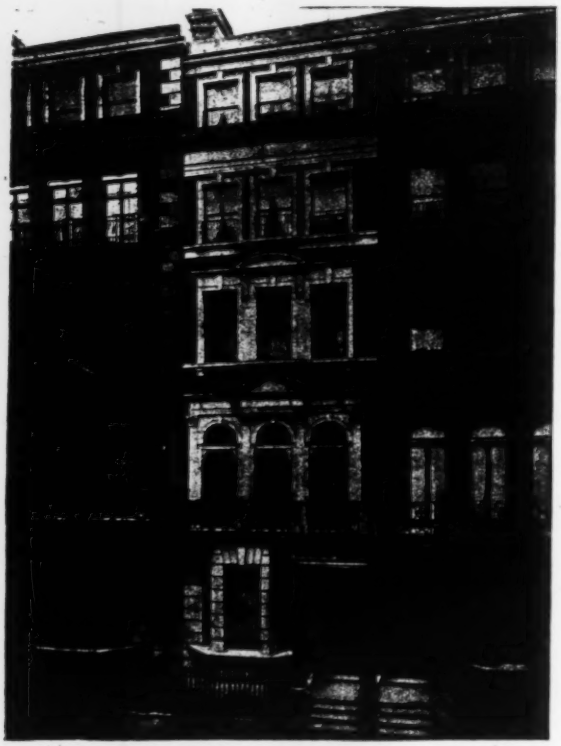
In 1882, Mr. Mathews was at St. Leonards on a holiday and happened to stay at the same boarding-house as a very old lady who had been a friend of the Browning family. Her name was the Baroness von Müller, and she must have been about eighty at the time. Mr. Mathews, who was a young Browning enthusiast, fell into conversation with the Baroness who told him that she had known the poet's father very well indeed, that she possessed many of his letters and manuscripts. Later on she sent a bundle of manuscripts to Mr. Mathews. He took extracts from these, retained one or two of the originals by the Baroness's permission and returned the rest to her.

I imagine from Professor Griffin's book that some part at least of the papers owned by the Baroness von Müller must have been examined, but, with one slight exception, none of them, so far as I know, has been put in print, and some of them throw a light on the relations between the poet and his father.

I

The first manuscript in my hands is entitled "Horæ Claytoniæ." The date is about 1820. The larger part of the document consists of religious poems evidently written from Sunday to Sunday after hearing sermons by his minister, the Rev. George Clayton. The extracts will be more intelligible if I give a prefatory note on the preaching of Mr. Clayton.

Mr. Clayton belonged to an eminent Dissenting family. He and his brothers were indeed among the aristocrats of Nonconformity. They had large private means. They were strongly Conservative in their



29, De Vere Gardens, Kensington.
Browning's last home in London (1887–1889).

The Rev. George Clayton
who baptised Robert Browning, and inspired the "Horæ Claytoniæ" of his father.
From an old print lent by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

tendencies, and they were backed by well-to-do middle class congregations, by whom they were held in great reverence. The late Rev. Edward White, Browning's contemporary, had, as his friends well remember, a strong satiric vein. He laughed at the Clayton pomposity, and he used to say that for the young people in Walworth Chapel the most attractive part of the service was a long extempore prayer in which the events of the week, so far as they related to the Chapel members, were discussed in a veiled form. When Mr. Clayton was offering a prayer the sharp boys were tearing away the veils and discovering the individuals referred to. Mr. Clayton, however, was evidently a man of mark in his own way. I have before me a volume entitled "A Course of Sermons on Faith and Practice, delivered by the Rev. George Clayton at York Street Chapel, Walworth, 1838–1839." It is published by T. Ward & Co., of Paternoster Row, and a preface explains that the discourses of which it is made up were taken down in shorthand and corrected by Mr. Clayton. "Upon application being made to him, Mr. Clayton kindly fell in with the views of his people in this respect, and at the especial request of the reporters, undertook to correct any verbal inaccuracies which might creep into the reports. The publishers [the editors] now take leave of their fellow members, assuring them that next to the delight which they experienced in listening to the delivery of the sermons, they feel extreme pleasure in having been the humble instruments of their perpetuation."

The sermons deal with the Apostles' Creed and the Decalogue. They are couched in the style of the period, and are not wanting in fire and spirit. They are in fact comparatively liberal for the time. Thus the "charnel-house" theory of the Resurrection is repudiated. "All we wish to contend for is that the same body, substantially considered, whatever variation there may be in some of its qualities, shall be raised from the tomb. What, for example, should you think of a murderer who being detected and brought to justice fifteen or

thirty years after the fact of his crime had been committed, should plead that it was not the same body which had committed the crime, and that therefore it would not be just to inflict upon a body differently constituted, the punishment of a crime which had been committed in a body otherwise constituted? You would feel that this plea was not tenable—that it was not for a moment to be allowed: because though, perhaps, once in seven years the whole system of our corporeal organization changes, yet we continue to be, substantially, and to all moral purposes, the same persons."

Mr. Clayton's ethical teaching is sufficiently robust. He is passionately opposed to loveless marriages "without the least union of heart, the least similarity of taste, or the least communion of spirit. Who does not know that there are many marriages of convenience? Who does not know that in circles of the highest rank, as well as in circles of a lowlier grade, many a marriage is undertaken purely on this conventional principle. It is just a bargain struck between title and title, family and family, settlement and counter-settlement, and this is called marriage! The institution of God absolutely resents this affront, and disavows any approving countenance upon such engagements."

The versified paraphrases of Mr. Clayton's sermons by Browning the elder are absolutely without literary merit, although they are sufficiently fluent and conventional. The following is a fair specimen:

"Ah! could but Satan to our eyes appear
In that dread form which Milton has portray'd
What human bosom but would shrink with fear?
What hardened heart that would not be afraid?
Ah! sinner far more dreadful is the smile
Than that black frown which threatens and alarms
For 'tis his business sinners to beguile,
And not to fill their bosom with alarms."

San Clemente Gate, Arezzo.
by which Caponsacchi and Pompilia made their escape.
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning. (Smith, Elder.)

Robert Browning.
From a painting by Felix Moscheles. The original is in the Armour Institute, Chicago.

The following is as good as many and no better than most.

BALAAM.

I shall see him! but not now!
Shall behold him! but not near
Shall the sceptic behold to which all shall bow
When the daystar of life shall appear!

Rising to melodious sounds
Brighter than yon orb of day,
Heav'n and Earth's remotest bounds
Shall his sovereign power obey.

Where are now those num'rous foes
That lately dar'd presume to rise,
And with Enchantments would oppose
The Sov'reign ruler of the skies?

Moab trembles with affright,
Edom seeks the shades of night,
Humbled Midian shall adore,
Amalek shall be no more,
Whilst o'er Canaan's wide domain
Israel shall victorious reign.
See the star of Jacob's race,
Glittering harbinger of day,
Rising on the world to chase
Sin and Ignorance away:
Yes! Eternal he shall reign!
Angels and mankind adore
He thy Sceptre shall retain
When time shall be no more.

Lord! my heart is humbled now;
Lowly at Thy feet I bow
Earthly visions, falsely bright,
Vanish from before my sight.

All that mortals seek below,
All ambition can bestow
When beheld in Gospel light
Vanish from before my sight.

"From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing."
"The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning.
Illustration by W. Ralston, from Messrs. Cassell's "Penny Ballad" series.

The manuscript has a certain value as showing that the elder Browning was warmly in sympathy with the teaching of his minister and the religious opinions of his wife. The poet and his wife seem to have been essentially of the same mind. "I am," wrote Elizabeth Barrett, "a Congregational Christian." Their poetry is largely religious, and it may well be doubted whether it could ever have taken the form it did had it not been for their training in Congregational Christianity. Certainly it could never have come from any section of the Church of England or any other section of dissent at the time. It was in a manner Evangelical with a broad outlook.

II.

More curious are Browning the elder's excursions in his son's domain. Professor Griffin mentions the version of the Pied Piper by Browning's father, and he says that it leaves little room for speculation as to whence came the poet's tendency to odd rhymes and humorous verse. He gives a short extract and mentions that the version ends abruptly after about sixty lines with the following note: "I began this not knowing that Robert had written on this subject; having heard him mention it, I stopped short. I never saw his manuscript till some weeks afterward. R. B., 2nd March, 1843." "This note was evidently added some time after the lines were written, for Browning's poem was published in November, 1842; possibly this publication suggested the note. At a later date the father was bold enough to complete his version by the addition of some two hundred lines, so that it assumed about the same proportions as that of his son." The manuscript in my hands has no note, but it seems worth quoting as a literary curiosity.

HAMELIN

There is at a moderate distance from Hanover
On the Weser, a river of singular fame,
A town which the French and the rats often ran over,
But though report varies,
Yet sage antiquaries
Are all in one story concerning its name;
Which is Hamelin—(But you had better perhaps
Turn over our atlas and look at the maps)
This place without flattery
Seemed one vast rattery—
Where the rats came from no mortal could say—
For one put to flight
There were ten the next night,
And for ten overnight there were twenty next day.

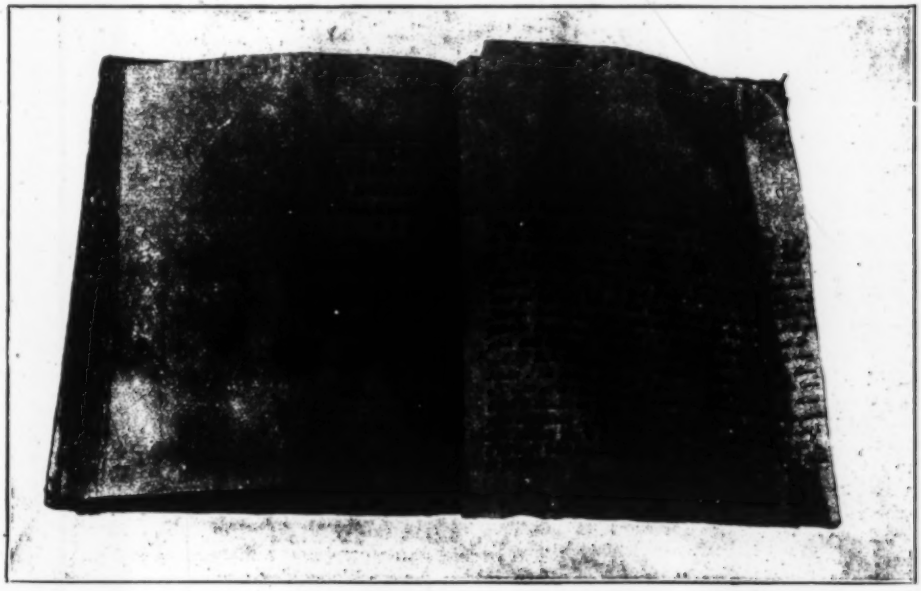
The Scene of the Murders, January 2, 1698. A View in the "Pauline" district taken from the Via di San Paolo.
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning (Smith, Elder).

With double the number before the next morning.
Indeed the inhabitants gave the mayor warning
That unless these intruders were driven away
The rats and taxation
Would bring on starvation—
And if so—then this was their firm declaration
That they wouldn't stay!

The rats however laughed at that,
Down they came trooping pit-a-pat—
And all the town seemed rat, rat, rat!
This made the magistrates determine
To lay their heads together
And reason whether
They could not "oust" these vermin.
Traps, poison, terriers, cats and ferrets,
Each discussed their several merits,
Not one of which, nor all together,
Weighed with the Aldermen one feather:
Since every man
Pursued his plan;
To which if no one else agreed
No plan of theirs should e'er succeed;
Nor could they for a moment bear it
That other men should have the merit
Of clearing Hamelin from rats.
The market rose: and cats were done
At half—three-quarters—seven-eighths—one!
The House were Bulls for the account:
And several Jobbers that had Bear'd
Were on the settling day declared
Ducks to a large amount!
Still cats were on the rise.
But notwithstanding this control
The rats contriv'd to head the poll
In vast majorities!
(Now, should the slightest hesitation
Come across the reader's mind
Because the proofs of this narration
Are very difficult to find
Here are *Schochius*
Erithius
And Kirk historians lying by us:
It were absurd
To doubt the word
Of men so famous, learn'd and pious.
So let us once for all be just
And take their narrative on trust).

Photo by W. H. Grove. **Robert Browning.**

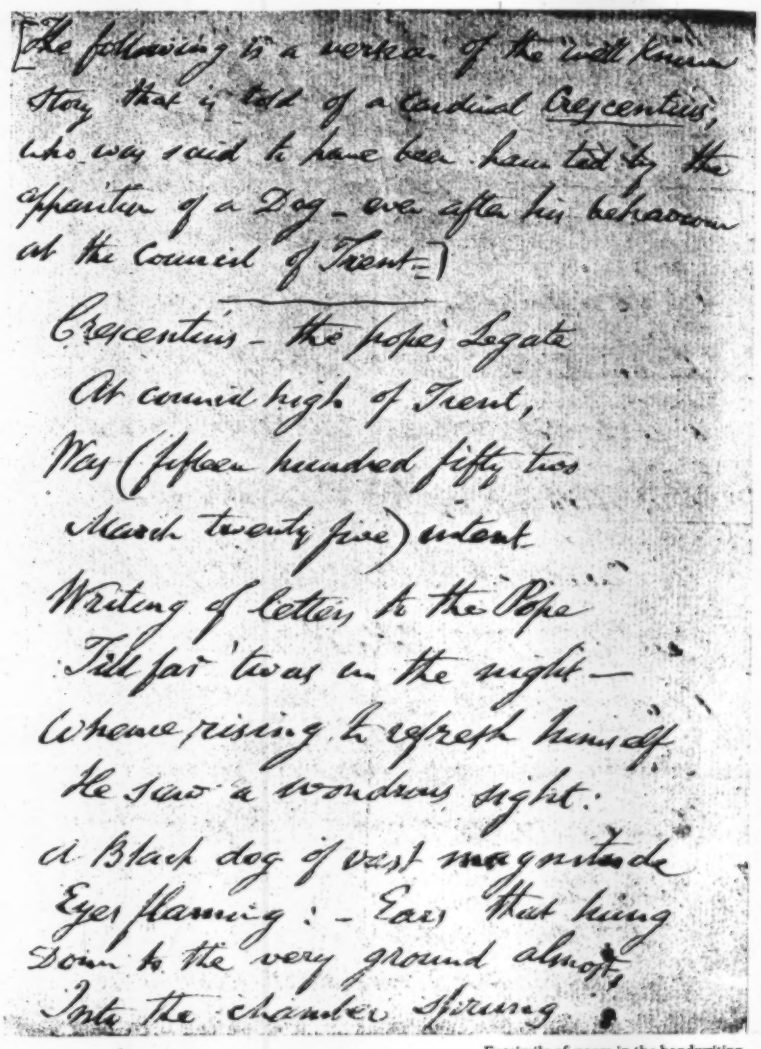
The Mayor and Aldermen in council sat
Striving—contriving—pondering—scheming—
Rating—debating—musing—dreaming;
Abusive words and contests rising—
Surprising schemes of their advising
Outdone by schemes still more surprising—
And all about a rat!
Amidst this terrible uproar
The porter stationed at the door
Announced a stranger calling there,
With something urgent to declare
Of vast importance to the Mayor.
"About the rats?"
"It is," replied the porter. "That's
"The very thing!" the Court declare.
This news of course
Came with electric force;
All discord in a moment vanish'd—
Scarcely a whisper now was heard.
"Hush! and shake hands!" were ev'ry word.



The "Square Old Yellow Book."

Showing the letter rom Arcangeli, written on the day of Guido's execution.
From "The Ring and the Book," by Robert Browning (Smith, Eld. r).

The Mayor put on a serious face,
And cried, "Walk in; if that's the case."
"Well, sir? And what are your pretensions?"
This was addressed
Just in the tone which folks repeat
When of some cheat
They're under apprehensions;
With rather an unpleasant feeling
About the man with whom they're dealing;
(But let that rest.)
Indeed the fellow talk'd to so
Seem'd of the lowest of the low.
Let your fancy now describe
A vagrant of the gipsy tribe;
Tall, gaunt and meagre, in a dress
Which spoke the depths of wretchedness;
Patches—black, yellow, red and blue,
Rags of ev'ry shape and hue.
His hungry look, his piercing eye,
Close lip, bent brow and stooping gait
Seemed all conjectures to defy
About his state.
Yet there was in his face
Something above the commonplace,
Something which gave one a surmise
Of greatness in disguise;
The wandering Jew,
For aught they knew;
Whilst others fancy
'Twas *Nostradamus*,
Once so famous
For catching rats and necromancy.
The Mayor displayed a world of tact
When canvassing the vagrant act:
Rubbing his chin, at last out came:
"I say you—mister, what's your name—
"Pray who are you?
Why is it thus
You come to us—
And what is it you want to do?"
Wrath sparkled in the vagrant's eye,
He paused—then made him this reply:
"Who am I? Then you never knew
"Or heard of the Pied Piper?"—whew!
Their hands and eyes were all surprise—
"*You*—the Pied Piper?" each one cries:
"And from this nuisance if set free
Are we to be
Indebted to the Devil and thee?
No! let us twenty fold endure
Than have recourse to such a curse."
But from without
Was heard a shout—
"Mind, Aldermen, what you're about!"
This was interrupted by
"Pray, what's all that to you and I?
We're ruined if these rats remain—
And where's the harm
Of any charm
That gives the Devil his rats again?"
The council act on this advice:
All is agreed except the price.
They then call in and ask the man—
"Can you, my friend—no doubt you can
Drive all these rats from Hamelin? Come
We'll not dispute about the sum;
Just tell us what you would be paid—
Short bargains are the best, 'tis said."
"Five hundred pounds—I ask no more,"
(Said he)—"this granted, I restore,
To the best of my ability,
Hamelin to its tranquility."

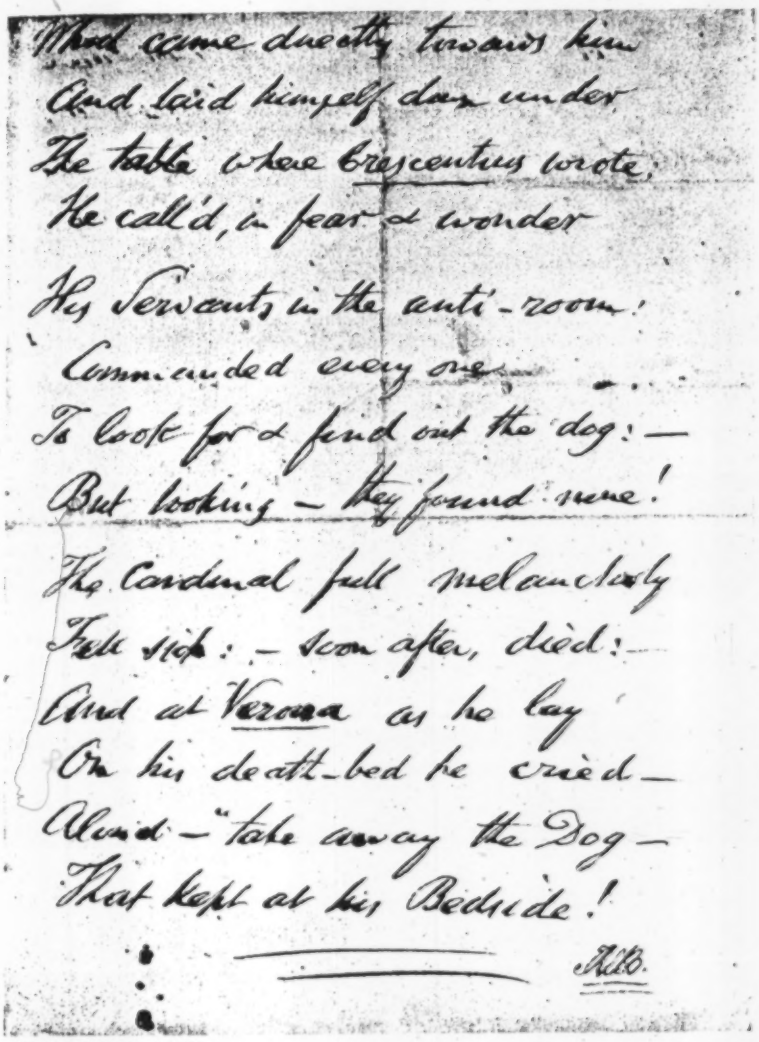


[The following is a version of the well known story that is told of a Cardinal Crescentius, who was said to have been haunted by the apparition of a Dog - even after his behaviour at the Council of Trent -]

Crescentius - the popes Legate
At council high of Trent,
Was (fifteen hundred fifty two
March twenty five) intent
Writing of letters to the Pope
Till fair 'twas in the night -
Whence rising to refresh himself
He saw a wondrous sight.
A Black dog of vast magnitude
Eyes flaming! - Ears that hung
Down to the very ground almost,
Into the chamber sprung.

Facsimile of poem in the handwriting
A version of the same poem by
The original is the property of
kindly lent it

Ashamed and trembling at the deed
The common councilmen agreed;
And this the mob outside "encore"
Sixteen times louder than before.
(Where were the consciences? you cry—
What's that to you—was their reply;
Let him but play—the rats away,
We'll rub that score off by-and-by).
The piper struck up "Toot—toot—toot!"
Upon his more than magic flute.
"Yes, I'm in tune," he cried. "And now—"
(Making the Citizens a bow)
"Just for a moment follow me—
And you shall see what you shall see!"
And what a sight they saw!
Lur'd by the magic notes a throng
Of rats came scampering along—
The companies, some millions strong,
Quitted the town—the roads were lin'd,
Nor was one straggler left behind
When they came to the Weser's bank,
Then with a general scream,
Plung'd headlong in the stream,
And sank!
The business was completely done—
The rats had vanish'd—ev'ry one!
Yet as they sauntered round the place
There was on ev'ry townsman's face
A blank!


Mad came directly towards him
And laid himself down under
The table where Crescentius wrote:
He call'd, in fear & wonder
His Servants in the anti-room:
Commanded every one
To look for & find out the dog:—
But looking—they found none!
The Cardinal fell melancholy
Fell sick:—soon after, died:—
And at Verona as he lay
On his death-bed he cried—
Aloud—"take away the Dog—
That kept at his Bedside!

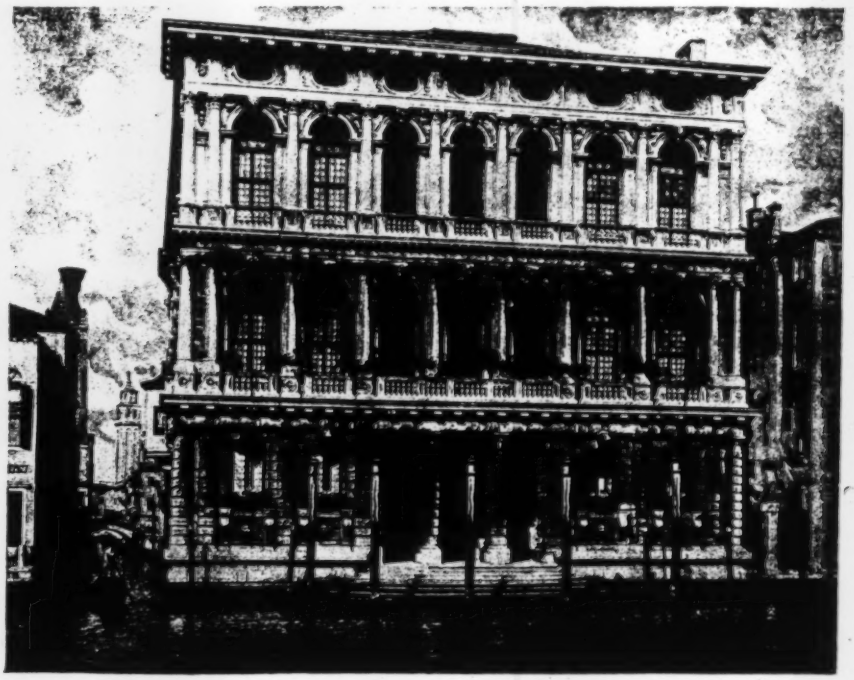
RB.

of Robert Browning the elder.
Browning appears in "Asolando."
Mr. Elkin Mathews, who
for reproduction.

For a few moments' recollection
Brought powerfully this reflection
They now had Lucifer to thank!
The very crowd that roar'd aloud
To have infernal means employ'd,
Rack'd with despair, now asked the Mayor
How he could dare
Employ the devil in this affair?
Oh, how much better had it been
Even to let the rats remain.
Indeed their feelings were so keen
They almost wished them back again.
But mind, the rats were all decoy'd
Into the Weser, and destroy'd.
The Mayor quite frightened by the crew,
Asked of the Bishop what to do?
The Bishop frowned:—
And told him, "Rather, sir, than I
Would have a finger in the pie
I would myself be drowned.
Didn't I warn you all?" "Not you!"
Exclaimed the Aldermen, "'tis true
You said the end would justify
The means; and gave us leave to try,
And if successful, then defy
His works and him and his queer clothing."
Then said the Bishop, "Give him nothing!"
All this while the Piper stood
Wrap't in melancholy mood
Outside the door,
The scorn of all the neighbourhood,
And hooted by the rich and poor.
'Twas then a Beadle from the Corporation
Gave him most civilly an intimation
The Mayor and Aldermen thought fit
That he should quit;
"Could he do better than submit?"
"No," said the Piper, "Stop a bit!
Go back and ask them if they dare
Bilk of me any legal fare?
Give me my wages—I depart
And leave the town with all my heart;
But till the promised sum you pay
Here will I stay."
"Nay," quoth the Beadle gently, "Nay!"
"No," cried the people, "go away!
And if you fail,
Here are the stocks and there the jail!
Know then that we're
Extremely and bitterly severe
On ev'ry vagabond found here."
"Well, then, if you would have it so,"
Said the Pied Piper, "I must go.
But let me play,
By way of letting people see,
Since you have kept your word with me
How very grateful I can be.
One little tune—then haste away."
We've heard in olden time of one
Who turned beholders into stone,
And could the story be believed,
What wonders music has achieved.
'Twas with the Piper so—
Scarcely had he played, when lo!
Ev'ry bosom felt a thrill,
Mayor and Aldermen stood still,
Travellers on horse and foot
Stood as if they'd taken root.
All bow'd to music's powers,
And magic seemed to rule the hour,
Heads and hearts allow the sway,
Old and young the spell obey;
Its influence held them dumb.
Fain would they struggle—fain they'd fly,
But 'tis in vain they strive and try.
All to its powers succumb.
The minstrel from beneath his coat
Another reed pipe drew,
Then was a cheerful lively note
Heard ev'ry street and alley through;
Whilst the strange mendicant's stern brow
Scowl'd with the blackest hatred now;
From side to side his dark eye roll'd,
His look was dreadful to behold.
He stamp't his foot! though not a word
Was spoken, yet his victims heard.
The loveliest children in the place,
Laughing—smiling—full of play,
Dancing to the lively measure,
Following the sound with pleasure
As the piper led the way.
But of a sudden one might trace
A change in every dancer's face.
Grinning ghastly—staring wild,
An awful spectre ev'ry child
In that vast crowd;
Raving, shrieking, groaning till
The dance was stopped at Coppleburg hill;
When lo! a cavern opened wide
By magic malice reft—
The whole procession went inside—
Not one was left!

The spell was now complete! Then closed the cave
Over them all—a sad, untimely grave!
The corporation unprepared
For this, at one another star'd,
And many a scheme was tried in vain
To get the children back again.
At length, pursuant
To some grand scheme of their recorder,
They by an edict gave an order
That children never should play truant,
Nor organ ever should be playing,
And all Italian boys found straying
With hurdy-gurdy, pipe or mouse,
The new police were told to seize on,
As rogues found guilty of high treason,
And lodge them in the station house.
Moreover, any of the throng
Who dared to hum or sing a song
Were sure to rue it;
And all were seized who, right or wrong,
Were listening to it.
And not content
With this, they raised a monument
Not quite so tall
As that which Pope was pleased to call
"London's tall bully," but so high
That ev'ry traveller passing by
Might read thereon, engraved in stone,
In Latin (true monastic jargon)
The story we have just completed,
Showing how vilely they'd been treated—
But not a word about their bargain!
Well, after several summers past,
And all enquiry at a stand
A traveller from some distant land
Waited upon the Mayor,
Having something to declare
That probably would make him stare.
Most certainly he stared, and "Well,"
Said he, "And what have you to tell?"
"Why, all the children that you know
About a century ago
Were swallowed up, you think, and still
Lie buried under Coppleburg hill,
Are found at last,
Rid of all their travelling mania,
Safe and sound in Transylvania."
How got they there?
Railroads and steam were not invented,
The world with horses was contented.
Moving about was rather tardy,
Neither *Montgolfier* nor *Lunardi*
Having yet travelled through the air.
The fact is, he had read by chance
Something about the "Piper's dance,"
And having blundered on a race
Whose origin he could not trace
To this conclusion wisely came
"They certainly must be the same."
Where it is useless to dispute
It shows our wisdom to be mute;
So what became of that wild rout
Seems settled now without a doubt.

I give on the two previous pages a facsimile of another poem, "Crescentius," in the handwriting of Browning's father. This poem is to be found in "Asolando"—"The Cardinal and the Dog," with variations. Whether it was suggested by the elder Browning to his son, or whether, as is more likely, it was a variation by the father of the son's poem I cannot say positively. But in this connection, we have an interesting and so far as I know unsolved problem. We have no means of dating the poems in "Asolando." One of the best Browning critics is of opinion that many of them were old and were gathered together by the poet for his last publication. It is almost certain, to say the least, that many of them were by no means recent, but as yet we have no way of discriminating between the old and the new. Browning's father died in 1866, and the poet himself in 1889.



The Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice,
where Browning died, December 12, 1889.
It is now the residence of his son, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad not more than forty lines in length.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in a hundred words of how a woman has acted or might act with chivalry towards another woman, or towards a man.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted

From a portrait by Robert Barrett Browning.

Robert Browning, 1889.

From "The Works of Robert Browning." (Smith, Elder).

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—This Competition has proved remarkably popular. Among the numerous Lyrics sent in many are too commonplace in style and theme, and show little of imagination or poetic feeling or utterance, but quite a satisfactory percentage of the poems are distinctly meritorious. We award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Miss VERA LARMINIE, of 44, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W., for "The Night Raid," a dramatic lyric of real emotional and imaginative power:

THE NIGHT RAID.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And lights shone yellow from the town;
The dripping fog hung heavily
Twixt leaden sky and leaden sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And fires burned red within the town;
The hulls of ships drew soundlessly
Out of the shadows of the sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And children slept within the town;
The muffled oars swung noiselessly
Above the silence of the sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And women shrieked within the town;
The rattle of the musketry
Died out upon a sullen sea.

The night drew down, the night drew down,
And dead men slept within the town;
The dripping fog hung heavily
Twixt leaden sky and leaden sea.

We select these from among the best of the other lyrics received:

SORROW AND I.

Sorrow came sighing to me, ah me!
When Spring was abroad in the land,
"I too can love, and I love but thee,
"Then give me," she said, "thy hand,
Give me thy heart and my heart shall cling
Closer than life to thee,
My soul shall be thine for remembering—"
Sorrow said this to me!

Photo by W. H. Grove. **The Lying in State of Robert Browning, at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice.**

Sorrow was Beauty to me, ah me!
Her hair was the veil of the night,
Her eyes were the stars that we dream, not see,
And her voice was the wind in its flight.
She took my heart in her hand, and it sighed
Strange music—and ceased to be,
She rapt my life in her life, and it died—
Sorrow did this to me!

Sorrow was dearest to me, ah me!
When summer was sweet in the air,
She bloomed in my life like a flowering tree,
Whilst I grew withered and bare.
She hung my heart on a chain of years
As a jewel for all to see,
She gave me her heart that was drowned in tears—
Sorrow gave this to me!

Sorrow went sighing from me, ah me!
When the winter wan was nigh,
"Give me the heart that I gave to thee,
For I go," she said, "to die."
She gave me my life—it was withered and sere—
My heart—it had ceased to be—
And the love that had lain in it, warm and dear
Sorrow took this from me!

(Kathleen Knox, 11, Hughenden Avenue, Antrim Road, Belfast.)

THE TOILERS.

"We have the payne and traueyle, rayne and wynd in the feldes."
JOHN BALL (Fourteenth Century).

Slaves of the scythe and the sickle, to work as the seasons run;
Binding the sheaves in the harvest, bathed in the heat of the sun;
Ploughing the fields in the springtime—when shall our work be done?
For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

Swept by the winds of winter, soaked and sodden with rains,
Our burden is hard in the bearing; we are smitten of dolorous pains;
We gather our Lord's good harvest, but what see we of its gains?
For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

With never a hope of resting, sorely driven are we;
And we drive the kine to their grazing, fair or foul let it be;
And we cease not for age nor for sickness, nor for infirmity.
For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

We drink salt sweat to refresh us, and labour we take for our bread;
And weariness closes our eyelids before the daylight be sped;
And we hear deep sobs in the night-time, and the sound of tears that are shed.
For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

Cruelty, lust, oppression, and hard, unpunished crime—
These are the bars from freedom, past which we needs must climb;
And ye who hear us know it, hearing the cry of our time:
For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,
"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

(Claude L. Penrose (G.C.), Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.)

SONG.

Life is funny, isn't it?
Life is very droll.
Lots of money—isn't it?—
And precious little soul!
Life is funny,
Shed your money,
Pay the toll!

Love is honey, isn't it?
Love is very sweet.
Heaven, Sonny, isn't it?—
And never time to eat!
Love is honey—
Takes you, Sonny,
Off your feet!

Death is—death is—what is it?
Just a beauty sleep?
End of things or not, is it?—
Ah well, that can keep!
Life is funny!
Love is honey!
Death may reap!

(C. G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

A MOONLIGHT SONATA.

My Garden hath no flower with hues like thine,
No Lily half so fair, nor Rose, nor Eglantine,
When there on Summer-eves I watch thee stray,
I count as naught the flowers that bloom by day.

The flaming glories of the West grow dim;
The breeze is dead, and hushed the throstle's hymn;
The Moon stays ling'ring low behind the pine,
There is no room for other charms than thine.

And when from out the dusk of night you pass,
And stand—transfigured—on the moonlit grass,
The sleeping flowers and all the birds at rest
Dream of the scents and songs that please them best.

(E. W. Priest, 101, College Road, Norwich.)

We also commend the lyrics sent by Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Mabel Ainey (Wood Green), R. H. Evans (Constantinople), Miss D. K. Boileau (Bath), M. F. Cock (Ashford), Rev. A. J. Ashley (Cannock), D. Anderson (Dumfries), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furniss), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Ronald E. Rigg (North Shields), C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Gwendoline Rees (Southport), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Mrs. E. H. Marshall (Merton Park), F. Page (St. Albans), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Margaret F. Barron (S. Tottenham), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), C. Jones (York), John C. Turner (Lockerbie), E. E. Kellett (Cambridge), M. A. Newman (Badingham), W. S. Howden (Lincoln), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Frederic Lois (Plaistow), J. C. Church (Castleford), Joanna A. Brock (Monifieth), Muriel Monks (Lincoln), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (S. Woodford), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Dorothy H. Berry (Colchester), H. A. Cole (Newtownards), A. Clark (High Wycombe), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Miss E. C. Brown (Walsall), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss E. F. Parr (Bristol), T. Sefton (Bolton), H. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Wilfred Dale (Westminster), E. Herbert Jones (Wolverhampton), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), J. D. C. Monfries (Edinburgh), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Arthur E.

Turner (W. Kensington), Jane Stuart Binnie (Glasgow), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ethel Gooch (Godalming), Jeanne Butler (Westbury-on-Trym), Ralph P. Buckeridge (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Scarborough), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), N. D. Gullick (Clifton), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Edinburgh), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Miss Wilkie (Falmouth), F. M. Purkis (Gloucester), J. W. M. (Argyll), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), A. E. Tomlinson (Middlesborough), A. Eleanor Pennington (Brighton), David S. Wadson (Gorleston), Charles L. Payton (Edgbaston), Mina Gardner (London, S.W.) Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), Theodore Maynard (Cricklewood), D. M. Tweedale (Birkdale), Charles Williams (St. Albans), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil).

II.—THIS PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss Evelyn M. Abbott, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks, for the following:

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE. BY R. H. DAVIS. (Duckworth.)

"In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs."
BRET HARTE, *The Heathen Chinee.*

We also select for printing:

A TRUE WOMAN. BY BARONESS ORCZY. (Hutchinson.)

"If there's anything in which I shine,
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs."
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE ART OF THE ORATOR. BY R. EDGAR JONES. (A. & C. Black.)

"But I go on for ever."
TENNYSON, *The Brook.*

(K. S. Venkataramani, Victoria Hotel, Chepante Gardens, Madras, India.)

LETTERS TO MYSELF. BY A WOMAN OF FORTY. (Werner Laurie.)

"Why all this toil and trouble?"
WORDSWORTH, *The Tables Turned.*

O. H. Rhayton, Bloomsbury House Club, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.)

THE SECOND WIFE. BY THOMPSON BUCHANAN. (Greening & Co.)

"Quoth he 'the man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"
COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Mrs. A. Morton Smith, Chinwangteeo, N. China.)

THE ENDLESS JOURNEY. BY NETTA SYRETT. (Chatto & Windus.)

"I see thy steps the mighty Treadmill trace."
CHARLES LAMB, *Ode to The Treadmill.*

(M. Brown, 233, W. Regent Street, Glasgow.)

III.—So many apt quotations from Browning, applicable to Woman's Suffrage and the Coal Strike, have been received, that it has been very difficult to arrive at a decision. We have divided this Prize, and award TWO NEW BOOKS to Miss G. ROBINSON, of 46, Oxford Street, Cardiff, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Miss ANNIE C. REAY, of Langley House, Canterbury, for the following:

THE COAL STRIKE.

"This ordeal passed,
The value of my labour's ascertained."
Paracelsus.

(Miss G. Robinson.)

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

"May they or mayn't they?
All I want's the thing settled for ever one way."
Fra Lippo Lippi.

(Miss Annie C. Reay.)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. G. M. Ellwood, of Abbey Park Road, Grimsby, for the following:

FLEMINGTON. BY VIOLET JACOB. (John Murray.)

This tale of the '45 is no ordinary romantic novel, for it boasts neither love-interest nor heroine. But the character-drawing is excellent, and the hero's struggle to be true both to his friend and his cause is told throughout with a restraint which makes such scenes as Flemington's death, and Logie's reception of the news, all the more vivid. Again, when Logie tells his story, we see plainly the old Dutch house and Diane's face among the flaming tulips. The writing is unusually good all through, and the plot is well worked out to its tragic conclusion.

Other good reviews received are:

WHAT MAY WE READ?

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

(Smith, Elder & Co.)

The most misleading thing about this book is its title. We imagine we are to have an essay on "modern fiction," telling us what books are suitable for our reading. Nothing of the sort. The book is a delightful novel; as the author says, "a conversation story" in which the hero and heroine indulge in some rather erudite discourses on literature, art, music, and other things.

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Showing Browning's tomb in the foreground.

Through the lips of his characters, Mr. Waldstein does give some very valuable criticisms on books, but we soon lose ourselves in the interests of the tale, for Ruth and George are charming.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

DEAD MEN'S BELLS. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker.)

In this romance of eighteenth century Scotland—Scotland in the days of the '45—Mr. Niven has caught in masterly fashion the atmosphere of the period. The opening chapters, which tell of the home life at Wester Mearns and its unsympathetic women-folk, are written with an insight and distinction of style which make them altogether convincing. Natural scenery in the Highlands, and a storm at sea Mr. Niven describes with rare feeling while his characters take on a curious, indefinable reality as he delineates them. Uncle Walter, Mr. Wylie, and delightful cousin Effie are creations we shall not easily forget.

(John F. Harris, St. John's College, Cambridge.)

JOSEPH IN JEOPARDY. By FRANK DANBY. (Methuen.)

A brilliant novel of modern society, displaying its weakness, but pointing a moral. The Joseph, whose real name is Passiful, marries a woman older than himself, insignificant, without style or marked attractiveness, but conscientious and loyal. His allegiance is shaken by a woman of high rank and great charm, and it is the portrayed contrast of these two women that forms the motive of the novel. It takes the reader as long as the hero to realise the superiority of his wife over her rival. The successful tradesman and his ill-bred, conceited daughter-in-law are unpleasant but amusing characters.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

DICKIE DILVER. By G. B. BURGIN. (Hutchinson.)

When Mr. Burgin is back in the Canadian wilds he is always at his best. "Dickie Dilver" is as fresh as a breeze from the Ottawa Valley—as vigorous as the crude life which is lived out among its woods. The tale moves perpetually from surprise to surprise and keeps its reader's expectation from start to finish. Mr. Burgin has adorned his story with one of the most delightful dogs in fiction. He must be difficult to satisfy who does not find pleasure in this human and altogether unaffected tale of the natural world in the Far West.

(M. A. Newman, The Old White House, Badingham, Suffolk.)

We highly commend also the reviews sent in by Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), H. K. Ormerod (Airdrie), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Miss L. Mugford (Dartford), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Winifred Crone (Liverpool), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), Constance V. Kerr (Berkhamstead), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Geraldine P. Gallwey (Thirsk), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), James A. Richards (Tenby), Miss N. Coppinger (Wimbledon), Ernest E. Reynolds (Clapham), Fred E. Bolt (Anerley), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Miss F. Carter-Squire (Shipley), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), I. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Alexander McGill, Junior (Glasgow), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), J. Hardman (Preston), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Beatrice Terry (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. J. W. MORE, Highfield, Dunoon, Argyllshire.

New Books.

BROWNING'S EARLY WORK.*

Professor Lounsbury, the learned Professor Emeritus of English in Yale University, has had a long and honourable career, and among his considerable services to English literature are his studies of Shakespeare and Chaucer. America has been generous in its recognition of Browning's poetry: in a wide sense it acknowledged the originality and peculiar powers of his works while they were still overshadowed in this country by the great fame of his wife. Excellent editions of his poems, and not a few useful hand-books have emanated from America, while undoubtedly the best biography of the poet is that of the late W. Hall Griffin, who was himself an American by parentage. Although Browning's reputation gained much by American appreciation, it has suffered more than a little through misplaced enthusiasm. It is not, therefore, very extraordinary that America should produce this reactionary work, for Professor Lounsbury's new book is nothing less. It is made up of four lectures on "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning" in which the author describes the development of the poet's powers and devotes considerable attention to the attitude of the Press and public at that period. But if the Professor is not entirely sympathetic, he is on the other hand not unfriendly: his purpose is to winnow the chaff from the grain, a salutary operation on the whole. Without agreeing with all his conclusions, it must be conceded that his method of criticising Browning's poetry, and especially his dramas, is acute and generally sound. Professor Lounsbury's book deserves the attention of all students and admirers of Browning's works; drastic as it is, it is unlikely to prove injurious to the poet's reputation.

Few more interesting subjects can be conceived than Browning's early history; and Professor Lounsbury has wisely restricted his studies to this period of the poet's life. It is the early life that counts (and unhappily it is often all that he has to count); after thirty years comes the prose, though many poets go on through the dreary forties, writing prosy poetry when they would be better employed on their reminiscences. Browning at seventy odd years recognised the futility of the aged poet when he wrote in his last volume:

"The Poet's age is sad: for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved in alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

"And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began
Round each in glory ran."

* "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning." By T. R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Browning's father was no ordinary man, but his method of training his precocious son was calculated to turn him out a prig; as in the case of most men of genius he would have benefited by a public school training. As it was the elder Browning's library of curious out of the way books formed the mental pabulum upon which Robert the younger was brought up. Some stress has been laid on the fact that it was strange the elder Browning should have possessed these uncommon books, but it is surely quite as strange that the young poet should have been attracted to such an odd collection, and have browsed on it with so much good result. Like most original poets, Browning only gained recognition after successive periods of neglect, ridicule and opposition. Except to a small band of staunch admirers (including the Pre-Raphaelite brothers) to whom Browning's poetry meant a good deal, he was far too many years unknown to that world-wide public that paid tribute to his wife. He was once described by an early acquaintance as holding most of his contemporaries in little esteem. This attitude, which is certainly noticeable in his correspondence with his future wife, was a sign of the self-confidence evident in his poetry. Yet with this self-satisfaction was added a great sensitiveness to criticism. He would not enter into competition with anyone; he refrained from writing sonnets, for instance, apparently because his wife wrote them with such ease and grace. As a rule neither the subjects nor the treatment of Browning's poems were popular. Professor Lounsbury of course acknowledges the beauty of the shorter Dramatic Romances and Lyrics, of "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," and "A Soul's Tragedy," but he cannot disguise his dislike for the more rugged works, and he tells some of the old stories about Browning's obscurities, notably the one of Douglas Jerrold, who after an illness feared that he had become an idiot because having picked up "Sordello" he could not understand a word of it. Browning himself was fond of repeating a remark of Wordsworth's about his marriage to Miss Barrett. "I hope," said the veteran poet, "that these young people will make themselves intelligible to each other, for neither of them will ever be intelligible to anybody else."

When Browning was staying with Jowett at Oxford for Commemoration in 1887, the caustic old Master of Balliol wrote: "He is a very extraordinary man, very generous and truthful, and quite incapable of correcting his literary faults, which at first sprang from carelessness and an uncritical habit, and now are born and bred in him. He has no form, or has it only by accident when the subject is limited. His thought and feeling and knowledge are generally out of all proportion to his powers of expression."

ROGER INGPEN.

Hartley Coleridge.
Aged 10.

From an engraving by W. Holl, after the drawing by Sir D. Wilkie.
From "A Poet's Children," by Eleanor A. Towle. (Methuen.)

A POET'S CHILDREN.*

The reader's sympathy is aroused by the announcement that the author of this book was prevented by the hand of death from giving to it the final revision usually needed and received. But no revision would have altered its main characteristic, which is not so much an account of a remarkable man and a remarkable woman as a study in their heredity. Hartley and Sara were both the children of a man whom good judges held to be possessed of one of the finest intellects the world has seen. Mrs. Towle's book is well-written, but as a biography of Hartley Coleridge it does not surpass the frank and yet tender memoir written by his brother, nor is this account of Sara better than that given by her daughter. And the omission of Derwent leaves the book imperfect as a study of the Coleridgean offspring. The pleasure of the reader is much enhanced by the capital illustrations, including two portraits of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, two of Hartley, two of Sara, two of Herbert, and one each of Southey and Wordsworth.

Notwithstanding the unhappy relations of husband and wife, they both aroused in their children the warmest affection and esteem. It was one thing they had in common whilst there were many in which they differed. Hartley was as unsuccessful in the battle of life as his father, and if Opium wrecked S. T. C., Alcohol wrecked Hartley. Both were afflicted by a paralysis of the will which prevents the victim from following that which his intellect clearly points out as the path of duty. The father had the agony of seeing his beloved son on the same fatal rocks where the happiness of his own life had been wrecked. Hartley's was the breaking to pieces of a trim frigate, but the wreck of S. T. C. was that of a mighty man-of-war, capable in its strength of withstanding alone a hostile fleet. It cannot be said that they resembled each other in their gifts. Hartley, in his precocious childhood, seems to have had a turn for metaphysics, but in his writings he is nearer to Charles Lamb than to S. T. C. It would be idle to compare their poetic gifts, so immeasurably superior are those of the father, but it is curious to note that Hartley is at his best in the sonnet—a form in which the father did not excel. There was a peculiarity in which Hartley's case differed from many other of the victims of intemperance. Whatever baneful influence alcohol may have had upon his material prospects, or upon his physique or mental activity, it brought about no moral degeneration. He was not

* "A Poet's Children: Hartley and Sara Coleridge." By Eleanor A. Towle. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

brutalized, but remained throughout the same peaceful, lovable man, liked and pitied by all who knew him. It is open to doubt whether if Hartley had shared the class prejudices that then dominated Oxford, his intemperance would have involved the loss of his Fellowship.

Whilst Hartley, the eldest child, was a Bohemian in spirit, Sara, the youngest, never wandered beyond conventional limits. Brought up under the influence of her mother and of Southey, she had keener philosophical powers than either of her brothers, but her verses do not count for much, except the lyrics in her prose-poem of "Phantasmion." She made a happy marriage, and in her widowhood devoted herself unstintingly to the care of her invalid mother. It is the custom to regard Sara Fricker as a commonplace person devoid of intellectual sympathy, and only eager to see her husband's brilliant gifts coined into guineas. Yet it cannot be said that she made a mercenary marriage, for the failure of the Pantisocracy arose from the inability of the young men to raise by their united efforts £150 for the expenses of the emigration scheme. So far from being uneducated, she was able to teach her daughter Italian, if Mrs. Towle's statement is correct. On the other hand, the reproach so often made that S. T. C. callously imposed the burden of supporting his wife and children on Southey cannot be justified. The whole of Coleridge's permanent income was devoted to their use, and there were certainly families in the Lake district who were thought to be "passing rich" on £150 a year. Nor was this his only contribution to their welfare. True, a father's duties are not confined to £ s. d., but this charge of pecuniary neglect is baseless.

Derwent Coleridge does not enter into Mrs. Towle's scheme. This is to be regretted, for he stood in great contrast to his father. He had a successful and useful career in connection with the Anglican Church, and his contentment therewith perhaps made him less ready for literary adventures. Yet his biography of Hartley is an excellent work for its frank truthfulness concerning the brother whom he loved so deeply. That he had something of the family gift for verse we have the testimony of his son Ernest Hartley Coleridge:

> "Father, *thy* father was a poet! Dew
> Of Heaven was shed on *him*:
> Thou, and thy brother and thy sister grew
> By Hippocrene. Ye lipped its brim.
>
> "Thy friends were poets. In thy mindful ears
> What melodies must ring!
> Nor didst thou fail in battle with thy peers,
> When thou didst venture forth to sing."

In what way do the poet's children illustrate the influence of heredity? Mrs. Towle's doctrine is thus expressed on page 10:

> "For no greater testimony could be given to the mysterious force of heredity, as independent of personal intercourse or conscious influence, than that afforded by the prepossessions and dispositions of Hartley, Samuel Taylor Coleridge's eldest son, and Sara, his youngest child and only daughter."

Let us confront this with Hartley Coleridge's own dictum:

> "Genius is certainly not hereditary, though a certain degree of talent sometimes descends—oftener in the female than in the male. Scribbling is very infectious, and authors have a habit of warning their sons against the trade, which is most wise."

What is the truth?

Samuel Taylor Coleridge stood on a mountain height of philosophy and poetry to which none of his descendants have attained. If Hartley shared his ethical infirmities, Sara and Derwent were conspicuously free from them. All his children had a certain poetic gift and the daughter had a keen and philosophical spirit. But neither in poetry nor in philosophy did they reach within measurable distance of their father's greatness. Surely these data are too vague and inconclusive to be made the foundation or even the illustration of a scientific theory. If we extend our survey to include all the descendants of the Rev. John Coleridge we find many instances of talent and of success in life, but there is only one genius, S. T. C., and he, from a worldly point of view, was the least successful of all this remarkable tribe.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

WITTY DEGENERATION OF THE HEART.*

"Witty degeneration of the heart" was the diagnosis of a certain distinguished sufferer's complaint. The symptoms are the same in the case of the author of "Little Incidents," but they appear, at first sight, to be complicated by literary asthma. This, however, is deceptive. It is not because he is short of breath that he blows you a bubble which breaks, almost as it leaves the bowl, but because he is too cunning an artist not to know the exact moment when the creation of his fancy is complete, and so at its best. That is the moment he chooses to cast his frail craft adrift. It is art, not breathlessness, which accounts for the brevity of these sketches, and that he has staying power is abundantly proved by the longest stories in the volume, "The Lone Road," and "A Bearer of Burdens."

And, just as in literature (paradoxically as compared with life) "long windedness" is to be deplored, rather than to be desired—so also, in literature, "witty degeneration of the heart" is a symptom, not of sickness, but of health and sanity. It means that though sentiment of the right sort (let sneerers say what they will) is not wanting, the head has the wit to keep sentiment and the heart out of sight. I must not be supposed to accuse the author of "Little Incidents" of assuming a pose, when I say that he has a certain air of languid indifference and detachment, as if he did not care the swing of an eyeglass about it all, and half wonders why on earth he troubled himself to write. None the less, I suspect him of having a heart, and in the right place. I suspect him, even, of warming kindly in heart to the very mortals whose follies and failings he appears to regard with bored and semi-cynical surprise.

That he has a "style" of his own, and writes always with humour, originality, and distinction, is not to be denied. Best of all, he does not labour, or very rarely, to attain a laugh by mechanically-contrived and so-called "comic" situations or scenes. His humour is fresh, natural, whimsical, spontaneous. It is the salt with which he seasons the various and varying dishes of life, and he is as ready to laugh at himself as at the world in general, or at, as well as with, his reader.

Here may I turn aside to say how and when I first saw the name of the author of "Little Incidents" in print? A year or so ago, I chanced to read, in the *British Weekly*, a crisply-told, humorously-told short story, half banter, half biting social satire, but with a suspicion of "seriousness," and of what I have called "sentiment of the right sort," cunningly concealed beneath both satire and banter. It was signed "Frederick Watson," but, like the man in the play, who, when told that another man's name was "Smith," replied "That conveys absolutely nothing to my mind," I was no wiser in regard to the identity of the author. Yet, just as we are sometimes perplexed by seeing, upon the face of a stranger, a resemblance we cannot fix, so in reading the story, I found myself haunted, not by a family likeness, but by some far-away and flitting reminder—whether in the personality of the writer, or in his phrasing I could not say—of someone I had known but could not recall. Inquiring more closely—for my interest and my curiosity were aroused—I discovered the writer of the story to be the son of the late Rev. Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), and I knew at once that it was of the father I was vaguely reminded. Not that Mr. Frederick Watson's work has the least resemblance to his father's, or to that of any other writer. It has something in common with the work of Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Clarence Rook, and Mr. Lewis Hind, but with the exception of the story "A Master of Deception," which, in subject and in style, as well as in title, recalls the inimitable stories of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, it resembles the work of no other writer. Much of Mr. Frederick Watson's work does not even resemble other work by Mr. Frederick Watson. "The Egg," for

* "Little Incidents" By Frederick Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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Mr. Frederick Watson.

instance, is sheer farce and sheer fooling. The author, his tongue in his cheek, is engaged throughout in pulling the leg of the reader, who is smiling broadly meanwhile, pleased and happy as a scratched dog. "A Bearer of Burdens," on the other hand, has pathos in plenty and even a hint of tragedy. Writing of his friend, Bret Harte, Mr. Watts-Dunton once said: "It is very difficult, in a short story, to secure the freedom and flexibility of movement which belong to nature—the last perfection of imaginative Art." Short as is "A Bearer of Burdens," Mr. Watson's picture of Martha Turnbull has all the freedom and flexibility of nature of which Mr. Watts-Dunton speaks, and so is, in every way, a success—in miniature—of imaginative art. I think it a mistake on Mr. Watson's part to have included two stories, "The Imperialist," and "A Theory of Tails," separated, the one from the other, by only five pages, in which the plot, or *motif* is exactly the same. In each tale an insinuating and insidious stranger beguiles the narrator into a casual conversation from which much amusement is derived, until it is discovered that the stranger has abstracted and disappeared with the other's watch. "A Theory of Tails"—it appeared originally in *Punch*, from which others of the contents of "Little Incidents" are reprinted—is a fancy of infinite drollery, and I could more easily have forgiven the author had I found, at the end of the story, that my own watch was missing, than I can for thus repeating and parodying, and in fact spoiling what he has done so inimitably and so well. "Make a success—and run away from it" is a maxim which both authors and publishers would do well to bear in mind. That Mr. Watson has made a success with his first book is evident, and I am so far inconsistent as to go back on the maxim which I have thus learnedly laid down, and to express the hope that he will follow up his first success by another upon similar lines. The literary fare he has provided is for the most part of the lightest, and diners, in search of something solid, must look elsewhere for what they require. His stories suggest at least two culinary comparisons—hors d'œuvres, to put an edge on appetite, or savouries to tickle a tired and sated palate. It is true that in the middle of the menu we are served with something very different, in the shape of the four stories, gathered together under the sub-title of "Backwaters," and here the smile suddenly leaves his lips; and eyes, grave and serious as his father's, look out at us as we read. Recalling these four stories, we realise that we may yet see the name of Frederick Watson on the title page of a book worthy to stand, side by side, with those of "Ian Maclaren."

Meanwhile, to return to our culinary comparison, we are grateful for the dainty and appetising "snacks" which his son has set before us. They are served throughout with the humour—the dry, not the cloying and sweet brand—which is the champagne of life, and we rise from the table, having left no "course" unenjoyed, and hungry for the time when Mr. Watson shall play host to us again.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

PICK AND SHOVEL.*

The hope expressed in a previous number of THE BOOKMAN that Mr. MacGill's next volume of poems might be still better than his first, is amply satisfied by "Songs of a Navvy." The little book is not printed upon fine paper, nor is it garbed in purple and gold, but the plainness of its exterior is compensated for by the beauty of its contents. Typical of the many moods these songs represent are the many metres in which they are sung. Mingled with much that is terrible and even repulsive, at least for the supersensitive, are several lovely lyrics, full of unaffected admiration for nature. "To one who has been long in city pent," Mr. MacGill's poems of country life appeal with a refreshing calm: when he looks on nature and her ways "every prospect pleases and only man (and his works) is vile." In such pieces as "The Valley," with its gush of luminous language, or "A Spring Idyll," in a difficult metre managed with masterly skill, all is sweetness and content. Also, in songs of domestic life, his heart is true to home, and his pathos unforced. In "Going Home," boyish frankness and longings for the old familiar faces are affectingly portrayed:—

"So I'll hie me back to Glenties when the harvest comes again,
And the kine are in the pasture and the berries in the lane,
Then they'll give me such a welcome that my heart will leap with joy,
When a father and a mother welcome back their wayward boy.
So I'm going back to Glenties when the autumn shadows fall,
And the harvest home is cheery in my dear old Donegal."

A charming portrayal of youthful longings in *wanderjahre* is "Roaming," with its rich language and thoughtful verse. Like all its author's work it is free from attenuated ideas and senseless verbiage.

These simple songs, however, do not form the main portion of Mr. MacGill's collection. His general work, such as "The House of Rest," is of a more serious and deeper import. This poem is a fine piece of preaching, although the effect of its grand lines is weakened by the long waits between the rhymes, thus destroying the anticipated assonance. A short quotation will show this defect, as well as the psalm-like solemnity of the poem:—

"I saw the House of Toil, and there the people died for lack of bread;
There gnawing hunger kept her rule relentless o'er the battered roof,
And in the House of Love they wept for spoken words and words unsaid—
I gripped my staff in mute despair and firmly kept myself aloof."

"The Old Men" is another poem to which a religious tone is imparted, not only by the gravity of its verse, but the solemnity of the thought embodied in it. It is powerfully written and might well be taken as the production of an old man, saddened by the results of senility:

"For we are the useless old men, wrinkled and bent and gray,
With the things we have done behind us, before us the lampless way;
We are the useless old men, with faltering, failing breath,
With a stake in the great Hereafter, sealed by the hand of Death."

A weird Poësque poem is "The Departed," but the too apparent artificiality of the metre lessens the glamour of the work, whilst some of the ideas are far from beautiful. The world does not want a repetition of "The Conqueror Worm," nor any more "Fleurs du Mal." Quite another key is struck in "The Waters," where the personification of human passion by inanimate objects is suggested by verse of great virility. The description of the pent-up rage of the waters when the dam gives way, and they burst forth, "bearing in braggart glee their freight of unshriven dead," is grandiose. We seem to feel the maddening gallop of the unchained flood as it breaks forth against the puny men who have striven to curb its power. An equally noble poem, but of totally different character, is "Longings," in which there are some notable lines. It is really wonderful how

* "Songs of a Navvy." By Patrick MacGill. 1s. (P. MacGill, 4, Cloisters, Windsor.)

well Mr. MacGill has managed to condense so many fine ideas into these short poems; line after line rolls on, each filled with thought, without any exhaustion, and without any lowering of the standard of excellence, for, although some lines are necessarily better than others, none is inept or inefficient.

The most characteristic portion of Mr. MacGill's book is that devoted to Navvies' songs proper; in which he sings of sin, sorrow, and suffering, of misery, despair and death. His is not the experience of a poet born in a golden clime; nor is he a poet who "works without a conscience or an aim." Some of these poems engender a feeling akin to despair, suggesting, as they do, that after all his æons of existence man may be merely manure for the earth; but born to labour, die and fructify the soil, as in "Played Out":

"He lived like a brute, as the navvies live, and went as the cattle go,
No one to sorrow and no one to shrive, for heaven ordained it so—
He handed his check to the shadow in black, and went to the misty lands,
Never a mortal to close his eyes or a woman to cross his hands."

When Mr. MacGill dons his navvy garb and takes his companion shovel in hand, to tell of death in desolate ditches, or of hopeless mortals in foodless homes, something terrible may be looked for, for then he wields a stylus of steel and makes use of ink of vitriolic power. The condensed irony of his style is exemplified by the "Breakdown Squad," wherein the horrors of a railway smash cause a rush for the papers, and

"The publishers say in their usual way,
Business is doing well."

And by "Run Down," where the commonplaceness of sudden death is suggested:

"The gaffer spoke through the 'phone, 'Platelayer Seventy-one,
Got killed to-day on the six-foot way
By a goods on the city run.'"

Amongst the most noteworthy poems in the collection should be included "The Pioneer," a truly original production, and "The Song of the Drainer," which only inexorable want of space prevents the quotation of. "Padding It" has a swing and a ring which should justify its place beside certain of Browning's most popular lyrics. "Back from Kinlochleven" is a worthy sequel to it. Mr. MacGill has a marvellous facility for rhyme, and his rhythm is generally impeccable, but it may be suggested that he is wasting his powers over "Geological Nightmares," and "Conger Eel" lays. Such feats of versification are more akin to verbal acrobatics than poetic aspiration. The effect of the latter piece is discounted by its too apparent artificiality: "Apt alliteration's artful aid" is often valuable, but it can be carried too far: "The silent, sibilant, sombre, sinuous, stealthy conger eel," is not only contradictory but ludicrous. Other things than such metrical experiments are to be expected now from Mr. MacGill, for he is a true poet, and has written poems which will endure. There is vitality in his verse; his work will last long after the emasculated phrasings of boudoir bards have perished on the dustheap. Up till now his masterpiece is, probably, "The Song of the Shovel," and for a suitable parallel, Shirley's "Death Final Conquest," must be referred to. "L'Envoi—to my Pick and Shovel" is no unworthy finale to a work of real genius.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THREE CHILDREN OF ANTÆUS.*

One is a Presbyterian, two are Anglicans, and of the two one is a Canon, the other a Socialist. But all three are wrestling with the modern spirit of disbelief, and all three gain vitality from their contact with the plain earth of practical life. Apologetic is rapidly losing its reputation for being abstract and irrelevant, if these three books are to be taken as representative of the churches to which their authors belong. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Noel have a journalist's eye for what is actually going on in the streets. Canon Owen, by his very title, shows that he too is alive to the situation, as it has come under his notice.

The Canon's little book is a good-tempered plea that Christianity is still accessible. He writes for those who are puzzled and disturbed by modern science and criticism. If he does not take them very far, he certainly eschews the introduction of "Churchy" notions, and his arguments are as reasonable as that elusive personage, "the plain man," will probably demand. Mr. Noel's range is much wider than his fellow-Churchman's. He marches up and down the byways of Christian science, teetotalism, sabbatarianism, theosophy, and eight other modern vagaries, with words of good-humoured remonstrance, appreciating the motives of the wayfarers, criticising pretty sharply their aberrations, and reiterating the conclusion that there is one highway, the "Catholic Faith." Not that Mr. Noel is satisfied with his own church's presentation of Catholicism. On the contrary, a delightfully mixed metaphor, he observes that until the heritage of the Catholic Faith is fully appreciated "these byways of belief remain as thorns in our side." His closing chapter is a brief exposition of the Apostles' Creed as the Highway to Zion. But he is more entertaining when he is making caustic observations upon the byways, or even finding some reasons for the lamentable fact of their existence. "The tame and lifeless thing men now call Christianity leads not only bad men, but good men, to revolt. The Catholic Faith preached in all its reasonableness will draw all men unto it, or at least all men of goodwill. Nowadays, the Faith is preached in so distorted a form as to drive the sheep from the fold and keep the goats placidly browsing inside."

Mr. Roberts has not Mr. Noel's brisk style, but he has thought and vision as the other two have not, and his fine volume, with its obvious indebtedness to Eucken, touches the problem nearer the roots. It is an analysis and survey of the present situation, with a forecast of social and religious reconstruction upon Christian lines. Work of this kind is apt to be discursive. A quick-witted, intense nature finds some enjoyment in rapidly characterising its environment, or in flashing the searchlight of criticism upon successive phases of modern civilisation. Mr. Roberts covers a large amount of ground in this book. He covers it eagerly and keenly, but the effect would have been deeper if his pages had been more concentrated. As it is, "The Renascence of Faith" is the work of a preacher who, by instinct and training, has realised that there are possibilities for Christianity under the beaten surface of the conventional order. He, too, is a child of Antæus in this, that he sees it is no use to discuss subjects like the existence of God before one has come to terms with the palpable facts of human life in which God is revealed.

Two words of literary criticism in closing. Educated apologists might learn to spell Father Tyrrell's name correctly. And if they are bent upon giving us revised versions of our religion, they might at least leave us the text of Wordsworth as the poet left it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Renascence of Faith." By Richard Roberts. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
"The Plain Man's Creed." By E. C. Owen. 2s. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)
"By-ways of Belief." By Conrad Noel. 5s. (Frank Palmer.)

THE IRISH RENAISSANCE.*

Mr. Ryan's book should serve as flame to the tinder of Gaelic aspiration. To the Gael it will recall certain well-known lines of Blake, the spirit of which he will render thus:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In Ireland's green and pleasant land."

In form just the story of the "Irish Peasant" and the

* "The Pope's Green Island." By W. P. Ryan. 5s. net. (James Nisbet.)

"Irish Nation," as edited by Mr. Ryan, the work is in content infinitely more. It is the story of the birth-throes of the Irish Renaissance; its moral, that the regeneration of Ireland must come from within not from without; and its record of the extent and character of the new movement will be fresh and thought-provoking to the average English reader. Mr. Ryan makes it plain from the outset that there are other Irelands than the "Pope's Green Isle," that there is a Catholicism that is distinct from Vaticanism, and a difference between the meaning of the terms anti-Catholic and anti-clerical, politics and nationality, flowery phrase-making and serious thinking. What is known as "the religious difficulty in Ireland" arises, he points out, not so much from the clash of Catholicism and Protestantism, as from the very mixed Irish Catholic world itself. Loosely one may describe Mr. Ryan's point of view as Modernist, with a leaning to esoteric Buddhism. He is opposed to anything in the nature of formalism. One reflects that formalism preceded the Italian Renaissance. To the Irish Party at Westminster he is piquantly tolerant. He admits that, whatever one may think of Home Rule, the working or waiting for it means that several urgent things are "held up" or saved from being tackled in Ireland itself. He is tempted to think that the most brilliant and mordant touch of English irony is not in English literature but in English government and life—"getting Rome to try to 'keep us good' on the one hand, and, on the other, putting the priest in pride of place over our schools and the teachers of our youth, and then inveighing against Rome rule, and calling us a priest-ridden people." His indictment of the conservative section of clericalism is summed up when he says that "generally speaking, official Maynooth . . . wants to go on believing that Ireland consists, and will always consist, of an incurious Catholicism headed by a professional Catholicism," and he pictures it, in its impassioned defence of worldly property, bidding the poor be content with the prospect of heaven in the next world, "forgetting or ignoring the great fact that the Catholic ideal is collectivist, not individualistic as the word is usually understood."

Mr. Ryan's references to the effect of the temporal ambitions of Rome on Anglo-Irish relations is acutely critical. He is severe too on the clerical ideas about women, ideas which have induced the priests to drive women into "social and mental concentration camps"; whip in hand, to enter private houses and disperse social parties; to challenge engaged and even married couples, and in other ways to make life so wretched and dull that emigration seemed the only way out. Co-operation and the land question are dealt with at some length. There are, Mr. Ryan declares, thousands of acres of wild moorland in Connemara alone which could be reclaimed and made happy home-haunts. In connection with Mr. Pearse's educational experiments at Rathmines and Rathfarnham we are reminded that Mr. Pearse's philosophy was practised by the founders of the Gaelic system two thousand years ago, by men whose very names for "education" and "teacher" and "pupil" show that they had gripped the heart of the educational problem. The word for "education" among the old Gael was the same as for "fostering"; the teacher was a "fosterer"; and the pupil was a "foster-child." With a keen love of folk-lore, Mr. Ryan has no sympathy with the folk-lore system of the Maynooth school; and against the commonly accepted teaching of many folk-lorists he sets the facts of archæology. Not for him the notion of a rude and primitive primeval world of crude and untutored fancies, and the gradual ascent of man from barbarism to what we know him in the fragment of earth-life we call history. Mr. Ryan's enthusiasm and idealism are infectious as they are reasoned and practical. From petty social cliquism, which the Gaelic League has done so much to discountenance, he looks abroad over the whole face of nature and reminds us that we are all *en route*. His book deserves wide and careful reading; apart from the direct objects it has been written to serve, it is intellectually stimulating in a very high degree.

PROFESSOR STUART'S REMINISCENCES.*

Of late Professor James Stuart has not bulked largely in the public eye. Five years ago he retired from membership of the London County Council, and his unsuccessful attempt made in the 1910 election to retain his former seat in Parliament, following hard as it did on his being sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council, may perhaps be taken to mark the right honourable gentleman's definite retirement from active participation in public life. If this be so—and we should be sorry to come to the conclusion—no slight compensation will be afforded all those who have known and admired Professor Stuart's long and eminent services to social and educational reform by the publication of a volume of his "Reminiscences," a volume which we may trust is only the first of a series, for its author wishes it to be distinctly understood that his work is in no sense an autobiography. To the man under forty, James Stuart will be merely a name, a name of note certainly, but one difficult to place. Only those indeed who remember Gladstone's return to power in 1880 can describe from actual experience Professor Stuart's most honourable record and can tell how he was the pioneer of University Extension Lectures at Cambridge, how strenuously he assisted Miss Josephine Butler and Sir James Stansfeld in procuring the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, and how, when the Liberal Party was at the nadir of its fortunes, he helped to crush the forces of reaction, by founding *The Star* and *The Morning Leader*. Strangely enough, Mr. Stuart says little about the famous crusade for "social purity"—to give the movement its prudish and rather absurd name—nor are his

* "Reminiscences." By James Stuart. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)

Painted in 1881. **James Stuart.**

From an unfinished oil painting by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.
From "Reminiscences of James Stuart." (Cassell.)

disclosures about *The Star* and *The Morning Leader* very illuminating. But he devotes considerable space to a chronicle of his childhood and schooldays—a chronicle we must honestly describe as very small beer indeed; and it is only when he proceeds to the account of his life at Cambridge that the narrative gets really interesting. From this point onwards the Professor's "Reminiscences" are quite delightful, full of interesting comments on men and movements, and of amusing stories of famous personages. Gladstone, Ruskin, Tennyson, Stevenson, Browning, Blackie, and Francis Newman, all figure in these anecdotes, and Mr. Stuart tells us that it was at one of the meetings held at Trinity College, Cambridge, for making new statutes, that Thompson, the famous Master, made the inimitable *mot* "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest," and that the remark was addressed to Gerald Balfour, then one of the most radical of reformers. How far the former Professor of Mechanism and of Applied Mechanics is from regarding himself as infallible may be gathered from a frank confession which he makes in the final chapter of his recollections:—

"Of poetry I have been an omnivorous reader. Byron seems to me the best modern English poet. . . . Shelley stands very high in my estimation. I like Scott's poems, which have a great swing about them, but perhaps it is more because of their character as romances than poems that they recommend themselves to me. All the ballads about Prince Charlie have come down as a possession from my earliest youth. . . . I like Rider Haggard's books. There are few writers who have more gorgeous imagination. I not infrequently meet him, and I have found his interests very wide. And in quite recent times I do not think any story-teller has given me more pleasure than W. W. Jacobs."

Here again is an interesting admission which no one will think worse of Mr. Stuart for making:—

"Speaking of education in Scotland, it is a curious fact that, however good it may be, it has never been able to instruct the Scottish people as to how to use the words 'shall' and 'will.' In my own case I have had the advantage of tuition at the hands of many of the most eminent professors and tutors, and have passed through two universities . . . and yet, in spite of it all, I find myself totally unable to decide in any instance that presents the slightest doubt whether 'will' or 'shall' should be used."

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL.*

It is not often that a reviewer can whole-heartedly endorse the encomium bestowed by a publishing house upon a work that bears its imprint; but when Messrs. Mills & Boon, in their circular letter to the Press sent out with the review copies of Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest novel, state that the author's "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" "was acknowledged to be one of the finest fiction efforts of 1911 from the literary and artistic point of view," they are but echoing a remark made in many quarters by those well qualified to express an opinion on the subject. "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" was a work that placed Mr. Walpole in the enviable position of being one of the small body of novelists whose work is awaited with keen interest by the more intelligent class of readers. It had the great gift of freshness. There have been tales innumerable of school life, but they have been usually of the boys and for boys. In "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" we have the psychology of the master's common room, and the masters and their wives depicted with rare skill. It was a book to read: it is a book for those who have read it to re-read.

In "The Prelude to Adventure," Mr. Walpole takes us to the University, and successfully envelopes us in the atmosphere. We have all types of undergraduates, from the football blue to the religious devotee, from the brutal amorist to the man who seems to have been born to be "ragged." When the curtain ascends, Olva Dune, a young man of Spanish descent, is looking down upon the body of a man whom he has killed with a single blow. He had no intention to kill, and if he had gone to the police-station and told his story, his troubles would soon have been over. As, however, there was no witness to the fact that he and his brother-undergraduate had been together in the wood, he yielded to the temptation to hold his tongue. The dead man had kept queer company, and it was thought that he had met his death at the hands of one of these. No suspicion fell on Dune, but though he felt no remorse for having put an end to the life of the other, who was an evil fellow, he felt that he should have made confession of his act. He realised that he was behaving in a cowardly way in concealing what he had done, and this preyed upon his mind so severely that, at last, almost unconscious of what he was saying, so overwrought was he, he blurted forth his secret to a weak-minded invertebrate creature, the last person in the world to be burdened with such a secret. How presently one man, the man whose sister Dune loved, forced him into a confession, need not here be told in detail. In the end Dune decided he must go forth into the world to work out his redemption, and in the following words told his reasons to the girl to whom he was engaged:

"There is no explanation (of why I must go) except that by what I did in Sannet Wood that afternoon I put myself out of touch with human society until I had done something *for* human society. God has been telling me for many days that I owe a debt. I have tried to avoid paying that debt. I tried to escape Him because I knew that He demanded that I must pay my debt before I could come to you. I see this as clearly as I saw yesterday the high white clouds above the football field. God now is as real to me as you are. It is as though for the rest of my life I must live in a house with two persons. We cannot all live together until certain conditions are granted. I go to make those conditions possible. Because I have broken the law I am an outlaw. I am compelled to win my way back to citizenship again. God will show me . . . God *does* exist. I must work out His orders, then I will come back to you."

Whether, as Dune's fiancée assured him, he was suffering from over-wrought nerves, or whether he saw the visions which guided him in his conduct, the reader, according to his convictions, must settle for himself. Whichever conclusion is reached, there is no doubt that the book is alive, the characters real, the setting admirable. Having had "The Prelude to Adventure," we can but hope that Mr. Walpole will continue his interesting psychological study by setting forth "The Adventure" itself.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Prelude to Adventure." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

TRAVELS ROUND LONDON.*

One might imagine that the picturesque possibilities of the Home Counties had been explored, exploited, and written-out times without number; that all the silent verdures of hillsides, and the hidden fastnesses of woods, were long ago desecrated, and that the footpaths had become "faded foot-paths," like those in Richard Jefferies' immortal reverie. But a brief acquaintance with "Pathfinder" will joyfully convince one to the contrary. Whether he alone, of many pedestrians, has succeeded in investing well-worn ways with a glamour of new loveliness,—or whether he alone, of many would-be guide-book writers, has broken away from the dull records of conventional topography, and set forth his golden discoveries after a fashion so delightful, so simple, and so enthralling, as might allure all men to follow in his steps—it were hard to say. But it would be very much harder to name anyone who has succeeded so emphatically as "Pathfinder." He contrives to rehabilitate the trodden ways with "the freshness of the early world," and to convey some of his own freshness and enthusiasm to the most jaded and city-weary reader. These charming and exhilarating little volumes, brim-full of explicit detail and implicit happiness, proffer advice and assistance of every kind for him who would "jog on the foot-path way," whether in Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Essex, Herts, or Bucks. Plenty of maps are provided by "Pathfinder," and the minutest of directions for every route, so that "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." He gives you such simple notes as shall ensure the comfort and simplification of a

* "Afoot Round London." By "Pathfinder." 2 Vols. 1s. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

fourteen-or-fifteen-mile country walk. Claims of the inner man are not forgotten: you need never find yourself marooned upon some lonely down, when you know it to be lunch-time or tea-time by other signs than those of the clock. For "Pathfinder" benevolently indicates inns and village hostelries, and arranges your steps so as to fall timely in their neighbourhood. He is no blind guide, moreover, regarding the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the district to be traversed, but—as a genial and human comrade—bids you be aware, in a word or two, of its historical values and local quaintnesses. And he solaces any *contretemps* of the journey with [in his own words], "such random philosophy and open-air happenings as there is room for." The very titles of his chapters are in themselves suggestive and inspiring, so that, with the summer opening illimitable vistas before you, the very flute of Pan rings out from "Pathfinder's" pages, and calls you to follow him, "All among the Chilterns," "By Pack-horse Track to Shere," "Between two Forests," in Essex, or wandering along "The Pilgrims' Way" in the royal weeks between May-time and hay-time. In short, whether as guides, philosophers, or friends, we have never come across more delightful itineraries than these two volumes of "Afoot round London," and upon them lies the benediction of that Japanese deity, ever-to-be-adored—the god who presides over field-paths.

MAY BYRON.

ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY.*

The Cambridge Professor of Moral Philosophy has just put out, in Mr. Dent's "Channels of English Literature" series, a summary review of British philosophy, which should prove extremely useful. His aim, so far as I understand it, is not to compile a complete consecutive short history—though I think that as a fact he has done so, but rather to "trace the chief stages in the development" through a study of the leading representatives of each. He succeeds in producing a most clear impression of the consecutive life history of English Thought as of a veritable organism. This unity of the treatise is due not so much to comprehensive generalisation as to its carefully mapped-out arrangement.

The various philosophies do not here concern us; only the author's treatment. It is in the first place, expert: Professor Seth seems equally familiar with every part of the field. And he is as conscientious as laborious—unfortunately. True to his task as expositor, he too rarely for our liking intrudes his own opinion. His attitude to the different schools may be eclectic or purely external, but if he has a bias he has suppressed it. Even in his concluding chapter on "Present Tendencies," he remains as inscrutable. His comments are often peculiarly suggestive. Time and Space—those tyrants of reviewers as of metaphysicians—alone preclude my quoting some specimens. The treatment of both the Mills seems singularly happy. Bacon receives full justice, but no more, the popular errors and exaggerations which only tend to deform Bacon's real greatness receiving no quarter. More, I think, might have been said in praise of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," though Leslie Stephen's strange depreciation is justly refuted.

One more feature calls for notice, the excellent criticisms, or more often retorts to criticism, on the literary merits of certain philosophers. More than once the Professor simply selects with nice taste a quotation or two in defence. Thus to show what Locke—voted dull by the dull—could do when he chose, the exquisite passage on memory is given; the last sentence reads like Jeremy Taylor at his moments of highest inspiration. I confess to have found Professor Seth's own style sometimes obscure. Each sentence is plain enough, but the logical concatenation of the sentences is not indicated clearly enough—this is of course only the besetting snare of all who have more Matter than Space. In fine the book has many merits of which the most meritorious are its impartiality and its thoroughness.

By a coincidence at the same moment appears another work dealing with part of the same subject, but with a different purpose. Mr. St. George Stock, who, before he moved from Oxford to Birmingham, as Reader in Greek, had done much editing, notably on Cæsar and Plato, and had issued at least two short original philosophical tractates—which I shall now certainly try to get hold of—has just added another under the really appropriate title of "English Thought for English Thinkers." The "English Thought" has surprised and captivated me—the English quite as much as the Thought. It includes a close analysis of the philosophies of Locke, Berkeley and Hume, regarded as Idealists, and it is consoling to find Professor Seth coinciding in several doubtful points. But Mr. Stock's aim is not mere exposition of other thinkers. It is constructive and propagandist. He has a metaphysic of his own. "Our little systems have their day," says the poet—so has every dog—but when Mr. Stock's "ceases to be," may another as mercifully intelligible succeed. And as modest. The reconciliation of Idealism and Materialism! many an honourable Brutus would say he was ambitious—till he read him. But the theory is advanced quite tentatively as a *modus vivendi*, a reasonable working hypothesis on which both schools may agree. Both, that is *all*; for, as he well urges, there are but two. The philosopher can either direct his gaze outside himself; then Matter must obsess him—whatever fine reservations and distinctions he makes, he is a Materialist; or he may look inside himself for the solution of the problems and mysteries; then he is an Idealist. Till recent days all our own great philosophers adopted, and more or less adhered to the introspective method, and therefore Hume, who of course stands for Empiricism and Scepticism, was as Idealistic as Berkeley—in one respect less, but in another more. The Philosophy of Consciousness devised by Descartes was worked out almost entirely on English soil, and few thinkers, even the stoutest Utilitarians have avoided the national bias. Now each method, the Introspective and the Extraspective with their results, are alike intelligible. All the confusion has sprung from not keeping strictly to one method. Said a small girl—a Materialist grappling with the problem of Identity: "Please, Sir, *which* is Louis Philippe and *which* is Louis Napoleon?" "Which you like, my little dear," replied the Idealist waxwork-showman. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." But, suggests Mr. Stock, shrewdly if not very logically, of two groups equally intelligent and learned, one cannot be all right and the other all wrong. The chances are they are both partly right. Can we not then reconcile them on some common basis, and, upon that neutral ground build our beliefs. This, therefore, he tries to do.

His very luminous and, even to outsiders, entertaining analysis of the three Idealists, by which he fortifies his position, deserves, but cannot here receive, detailed description. Many of his points are as original as acute. For instance (pp. 83, 84), theological bias, or rather instinctive piety was really what led Berkeley to recoil from Matter as being a barrier between God and the Soul, and to deny Space as a humanly invented rival of Deity. The other cause which the author suggests for Berkeley's modification of Locke's system, is his curious attempt to think without language. Hence his Sensationalism—nothing was real that could not be represented by a sense-image. The general idea of a triangle was impossible, because every image of it must be *either* equilateral, isosceles or scalene. Further, it was just the contrary bias in Hume which caused him to turn the tables on the Bishop by denying the reality of Spirit, because we have no sense-image of it. The philosophy of each was deeply tinged with his own personal disposition—the suave humanity of the one, the earnest piety of the other. Mr. Stock does not go an inch too far. There can, indeed, be no doubt that, when halting between two opinions, Berkeley invariably chose the one which in his view was more to the honour of God. His exquisite mind was religious rather than theological, like St. Augustine's. Indeed, his doctrine-

* "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy." By Professor James Seth, M.A. 5s. (J. M. Dent.)
"English Thought for English Thinkers." By St. George Stock, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

that Spirit is the only efficient cause coincides strangely, if it be not derived directly from that of the Father—"*jan vero causæ voluntariæ, aut Dei sunt, aut angelorum, aut hominun, aut quorumque animaliun.*" (Civ. Dei. v. 9). To Berkeley, by the way, these same forms of Spirit (adding Devils, which after all are but evil Angels) are the sole realities in the universe. The chapter on Hume is equally interesting, especially in the dexterity by which Locke and Berkeley are marshalled to retaliate upon their ruthless enemy. Not all the author's arguments are equally sound, and here and there certain remarks—but mostly incidental—on scientific points seemed hardly those of an expert. But the three philosophies have been studied with industry, dissected with skill, and their essence reproduced and criticised not only with honesty and acumen, but with positive charm.

For were Mr. Stock's opinions but March madness they would attract by their happy presentation. His style is not perfect; it is not magical, nor splendid, nor nicely polished, but all the same it does recall the sages of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries—neither pedagogues nor professors, but men of the world, of breeding, of culture, of leisure, of assured position and so of fearless independence and conscious authority—by its unaffected simplicity, its vigour and a lucidity both natural and studied. If a gift it has been matured by Greek training, just as his English Thought is really based on Greek thought, not German, nor even Hottentot. If the average gentle reader who has once opened with hope and hastily shut with rage and horror the tomes of our Kantian and Hegelian hierophants, will but give an evening to this modest book, he will find that metaphysicians are not really, as he suspected, in the pay of a gang of greedy alienists.

On Mr. Stock's system I will not expatiate. Though he sums it up in a nut-shell, it can only be judged fairly by studying the whole book. The very thought of a Philosophy of Common Sense is horrid profanity in the eyes of the Jargoners and Mystery-mongers, and they will certainly flout the predication of the reality of Time and Space, by which the reconciliation is effected. To these noble sportsmen—for as sportsmen I regard and admire them—Time and Space are simply occult sporting terms reserved for their own use, not to be postulated as realities by outsiders. Though its author makes out a good case for it, I confess that I stumble at this openly-avowed "believing where we cannot prove," though of course we all secretly feel that Time is a bigger reality than time-tables, and Space than a tape measure. After all, the author but follows Plato in asserting that the objects of thought (*νοητά*) are more real than those of sense (*αἰσθητά*). And these postulates once granted the way is cleared for the "Creed of Common Sense," so forcibly and eloquently expounded in the Conclusion. Which Creed does in a rough and unsymmetrical yet practical manner reconcile not only Materialism and Idealism, but Philosophy and Religion.

Y. Y.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.*

Of my batch of seven, the *quadrivium* is certainly to be classed as romance. We all love a good romance, and anyone who confesses to this can find what he wants in "Captain Quadring,"[1] who is a really vivid and arresting person, with a bitter history and a breathless career. The scene is in Australia, at a convict quarry, and the redoubtable Captain is an overseer who by his indomitable courage quells the incessant mutiny of those worse than damned souls. The strong, resolute brothers and their terrible feud, the solution of their quarrel in final peace, the young woman who is drawn into their lives, the feeling of the convict quarry, the brooding atmosphere of hate and wickedness, the characters of the men, the Colonial life of the period, are conveyed to the reader in an unusually realistic way, and, sombre as the tale is, it claims the reader's attention from beginning to end.

[1] "Captain Quadring." By William Hay. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In "The Shadow of Power,"[2] Mr. Bertram has given us a promising first book, the result of a careful study of Spanish dealings with Holland under Alva. We have the Spanish noble as governor in the Dutch town, his love affair and his troubles, intrigues against the priest, the Inquisition, accusations of heresy and witchcraft, a dramatic marriage, a dramatic desertion of Spain by the hero, who turns to William of Orange, and governs Gouda for Holland as he had governed Gertruydenberg for Spain, and after much trouble finds happiness at last. Mr. Bertram's story halts sometimes in its determination to be restrained, and when it seems to have knit itself together into one it dissolves and takes another shape, but it is a notable attempt, and one feels that the author will do better things if he cares to try.

Neither can I altogether commend Mr. Christopher Stone for his Ruritanian story, "The Shoe of a Horse."[3] Mr. Anthony Hope did this kind of romance so well that it is a pity to find so much ingenuity expended on doing the same thing not so well. A young Englishman of parts and breeding finds himself in "Paria," a country tucked away somewhere in Central Europe. He has gone for the shooting, and gets it in a revolution. And there is a girl who is the rightful Queen, and, of course, they fall in love. And—as happens in these romances—they turn their backs on duty and sovereignty and marry. Mr. Hope escaped that pitfall, but his followers tumble in every time. They *must* provide the happy ending. Jack must have Jill so that all may go well. And the English hero is a peer, and all through the book is a careless take-it-for-grantedness that the young Englishman—especially when titled—is the salt of all the earth, and is so regarded by the less favoured inhabitants of other lands. Yet the book is written with an admirable ease and fluency . . . quite a good essay in the manner of Mr. Anthony Hope.

Neither, again, can I wholly commend Mr. Frederick Niven's "Dead Men's Bells."[4] For had there been no Robert Louis Stevenson, nay more, had there been no "Kidnapped" I doubt if we should have had this volume, or at any rate it would have worn another shape. There is little story, and what there is wanders into nothingness. A young man is sent home from Glasgow University, finds scanty welcome from his sister, seeks his fortune in a ship going to America, is run down in a storm and clambers on the other ship—a pirate, and with a comrade leads the pirate crew on an itinerary through the Western Highlands until they get rid of them. Now the details are excellent, some of the description is hard to forget, Wylie is almost a creation, though far behind Alan Breck, and the power and manner of this book place it easily first of my four romances as a piece of writing and in promise. But to make a romance that lives you must have a story, and here is no story. The finest part of all is the opening, describing the life at the farm, and the dour, stiff-hearted, unforgiving sister, a sketch that is not easily paralleled. But in spite of fine perception, good description, and vivid writing "Dead Men's Bells," remains an unsatisfactory book. It is full of promise, but Mr. Niven has already given us better things.

So much for my *quadrivium*; now for the *trivium*. Here I have three books not of past centuries, but of the living to-day. The "White Shrine"[5] has a touch of "Bohemia." A girl who at eighteen wrote a wonderful fine novel, comes to live in London and meets a man who is a thorough cad and blackguard, who makes "platonic" love to her, borrows her money, and drives her to write a villainous book under a pseudonym, in order to get money for him. He is checkmated in the end by the strong, still hero from the Wild West or thereabouts who marries the girl—the "white shrine" of whose mind has not really been polluted after all! There is some interesting characterization and some clever writing in this book, but it cannot compete in realism or interest with Frank Danby's new novel, "Joseph in Jeopardy,"[6] whose title is a sad blunder; it recalls the

[2] "The Shadow of Power." By Paul Bertram. 6s. (John Lane.)—[3] "The Shoe of a Horse." By Christopher Stone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—[4] "Dead Men's Bells." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Martin Secker.)—[5] "The White Shrine." By G. Villiers-Stuart. 6s. (Melrose.)—[6] "Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. (Methuen.)

Biblical tale, and vulgarizes the book at the outset. A magnificent young man, a picture dealer in Bond Street and a county cricketer, wealthy, noble in heart and instinct, married to a commonplace girl of vulgar family, meets and is fascinated by a beautiful widow, Lady Diana Wayne, who stoops to this Adonis of Lord's. Dennis remains faithful to Mabel through thick and thin. The book is sure of a very large public, who will probably wonder, as I did, how Mabel, who was so very colourless and disagreeably unattractive at the beginning of the book, not merely manages to keep her husband faithful (though she really had nothing to do with that, only his own Josephry availed) but also towards the end of the book suddenly appears a capable delightful woman, with no reasons annexed. Surely there must have been some sign of change. The portraits of Amos Juxton, the wealthy grocer, his son Ted, and Ted's wife, Fanny, of Cosmo Merritt, the villain of the piece, are interesting and alive. Dennis is carefully composed, but one would be more sympathetic with him if he was a little more of a lover, or if he had not been labelled "Joseph in Jeopardy" on the title page. In my school days tinned herrings-in-tomato sauce were contemptuously known as "whales-in-jeopardy," and I think Dennis was more of a herring than a whale. But Frank Danby is to be congratulated on a very brilliant book, her most serious if not her most obviously striking work, and it is refreshing to find a hero who remains true to his wife in spite of a real love set elsewhere and with answering love, not for any exotic and perverse reasons, but for the good simple honourable reason that he had vowed a vow. Nowadays the contention in novels seems to be that in marriage the solemn promise is to be kept just as long as it is agreeable, and broken the moment its keeping becomes at all a matter of hardship. Surely a poor and degrading point of view, and I am heartily glad to find Frank Danby so ably defending fidelity in marriage, taking her stand on the old virtue and validity of a promise, and showing that in fidelity to his vow the hero found comfort and truer happiness and in the end love where no love had been. Whether this would be the end of a loveless marriage observed scrupulously in every point of the spirit of marriage is a debatable question; yet many wise men have thought with Frank Danby, though few would advise the initial experiment.

In "Esther"[7] Miss Agnes E. Jacomb has propounded and worked out with exquisite skill another problem of married life, and for fidelity to nature, insight into certain feelings and aspects of life, for intensity, for adequate writing, for pregnant, meaning phrasing, and for the shaping and balance of the story, as well as the logical development of the plot, I am inclined to think that "Esther" is the most finished and worthy of my seven novels, though lacking the scope and brilliancy of "Joseph."

F. M. A.

ST. CLARE AND HER ORDER.*

From a literary point of view one of the first things to attract attention in this volume is the statement that Canon Knox Little has written a Life of Francis of Assisi in which he never even mentions Clare. Yet the two names are almost inseparable. Francis had found his vocation only for about three years when, in the Lent of 1212, Clare came to him in the Church of San Giorgio. Shortly after midnight of Palm Sunday Chiara Scifi "was dead to the world." Says her biographer: "She persevered in that life of poverty, penance, and prayer for over forty years, and princesses and peasants alike joined her in it. Thousands of women continued all down the ages to embrace this extraordinary life; there are over ten thousand still living

[7] "Esther." By Agnes E. Jacomb. 6s. (Heinemnan.)

* "St. Clare and Her Order." Edited by the Author of "The Enclosed Nun." 7s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

St. Clare.
(Simone Memmi.)
From "St. Clare and her Order." (Mills & Boon.)

it in this twentieth century." And it is remarked that "it has been so in the material as well as in the spiritual life, that the man and the woman were needed for the development of the ideal. Witness Pericles and Aspasia, Augustine and Monica, Socrates and Diotima, Jerome and Paula, Benedict and Scholastica, Francis and Clare." The first settlement of Clares in England was made from France at the end of the thirteenth century. The number to-day is variously given, but a tabular statement in the present volume shows that the houses and inmates in Great Britain on January 1st were as follows: England, 9 and 228; Scotland, 1 and 14; Ireland, 9 and 277. The work, which is illustrated, after giving a careful account of Clare's renunciation and the early history of the Order named after her, deals with its Rule, special phases of its history in various parts of the world, some of its more notable members, and certain convents of note. There is one chapter which will appeal especially to our readers, that on "Poesy and Poverty." It contains this quotation from the late Professor James of Harvard: "It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilisation suffers."

OLD IRISH LIFE.*

"Old Irish Life," by J. M. Callwell, is virtually the history of the great Martin family of Galway and Connemara, and of their associates and environment. The

* "Old Irish Life." By J. M. Callwell. 10s. net. (Blackwood.)

Martins were one of the fourteen Anglo-Norman tribes who, as merchant princes, ruled over Galway for many centuries. "As proud as a Galway merchant" was a well-known proverb in the sixteenth century, and they had something to be proud of, since they were not merely rich and prosperous merchants but good fighting men, as well they had need to be, since they had to defend themselves constantly against the fierce Clansmen of the O'Flaherties, of whose lands they gradually possessed themselves. But like the other Anglo-Norman families they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, and so fell under the curse of Cromwell, whose soldiers pillaged and burnt as much of it as they could. Even after this Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy, described it as "a town of many noble buildings, most of them of marble, and that for situation, voisenage and commerce which it had with Spain, the Strayts, West Indies and other places, noe town or port in the three nations (London excepted) was more considerable." So great was the commercial intercourse between the town and Spain that Tacitus describes Ireland as situated midway between Spain and Britain. This connexion was developed by the Anglo-Norman merchants until, in the sixteenth century, they became great landowners as well. Like many others, the Martins escaped the rigours of the Penal Laws by conforming, but they never ceased to be Irish. Perhaps the most remarkable member of a remarkable family was Richard Martin who was Member for Galway at the time of the Union, and afterwards in the British House of Commons introduced the first Bill for the Protection of Animals. He was thereafter known as "Humanity Dick." He was a famous duellist a man of lavish hospitality, and despite his enormous estate in continual monetary difficulties. When asked if the King's Writ did not run in Connemara, he answered: "Egad, it does, as fast as any greyhound if any of my good fellows are after it."

Apropos of the methods of converting the "natives," the author tells the following story of an acquaintance:

> This lady dismissed all her Roman Catholic servants and imported English Protestants, from the butler to the scullery-maid. There only remained the page-boy, whom she summoned to her presence.
>
> "Patsy," she said, "you're a Protestant from this out."
>
> Patsy, however, lifted up an unexpected voice of protest:
>
> "Plaze, yer ladyship, I'd do anything ye bid me savin' that."
>
> Her ladyship remained unmoved.
>
> "William," she said to the butler, "take Patsy away and reason with him. Bring him back in two days."
>
> The butler, it is to be feared, was not a skilled controversialist; at least, his arguments failed to convince Patsy, who at the end of the two days still remained obdurate.
>
> "No, yer ladyship. I'll niver turn," he declared, tearfully.
>
> "Williams," said his mistress imperturbably, "take Patsy away, and put him to bed. He's not to get up till he's a Protestant."
>
> Patsy held out manfully for a week, and then his resolution failed, and he sent a message from under his bed-clothes that he was now a Protestant, whereupon he was allowed to don his buttoned array and to resume his place in the household.

Of the famous tribes of Galway, all were represented in "Ye Citie of Ye Tribes" until a few weeks ago, when the last representative of the Skerretts was removed by death.

There is no lack of racy stories in the volume, many of them, it is true, old friends, but we are grateful to the author for a most entertaining book, which has the additional interest of linking up the past with the present, at a time when a new epoch in the history of the country is dawning.

H. A. HINKSON.

THE TRUE TRAVELLER*

Mr. W. H. Davies' new book of prose looks, at first sight, very much like "Beggars." It consists of twenty-three short chapters, describing some of the author's adventures in lodging-houses and on the roads of England and America; and some of these are to be matched in "Beggars." There is no need here to praise them. Some would be amusing or surprising, all interesting, whoever related them: Mr. Davies' limpid English and unspoilt outlook makes of each one a masterpiece of this kind. Even when they are not wholly new to Mr. Davies' readers, and are very slender in substance, that limpidity is itself a sufficient pleasure, so uncommon is it. But "The True Traveller" is more than a mechanical response to the demand for further reminiscences. We here meet, for the first time, some of the women of the road and the mean street. Evidently Mr. Davies had not introduced them before, lest they should contaminate the respectable reader. Success has given him confidence. He now knows that many respectable people are delighted to know what the rest are doing. They ought to be delighted with this volume, unless they have been corrupted by morals and melodrama. Mr. Davies knows nothing about either: I do not say that he has not heard of them. He has not done violence to his native modesty by these new revelations. He preserves the old mixture of decorum and real *naïveté* even while he is taking us up the strangest staircases. No doubt this is small beer compared with what he could, and probably some day will, brew. Yet I doubt if he will ever do anything better than "Mad Kitty," the story told by a barman about a "courtesan," to use Mr. Davies' decorous and even ceremonious term. She was "childishly wild and full of life," but whispered to her companion to be quiet in going upstairs to her lodgings, because there was a boy lying dead in the next room. "Later in the night," she tells the story. The boy was the landlady's child, and seven years old. Kitty had been very fond of him, and he of her; but when a neighbour near had a baby she grew fond of the newcomer, which made the boy jealous. In fact, she deliberately teased the boy to make him jealous. Once he threatened to kill himself with a knife, but Kitty took it away; once with a rope, but his mother saved him. In the end he found a bottle of poison and used it successfully, and he lay dead in the next room while Kitty was telling his story to the barman.

> "I could not sleep," says the barman, "for thinking of the strange things I had heard. I knew that these courtesans were very fond of children, and made every effort to win their love. That is the reason why they are never scorned by respectable mothers who are very poor. A respectable mother, who is very poor, is not ashamed to be seen with one of these courtesans, for she knows that cakes or sweets, aye, sometimes clothes or boots, will be bought for the children, which she cannot afford to pay for herself. A courtesan will be her most faithful and practical friend, if she will allow it. While I was thinking of this I heard Mad Kitty say distinctly in her sleep: 'Jealous because I made much of the baby. Poor little devil.' That was my experience with Mad Kitty the first time I met her."

This story is a finished short story, hardly longer than one of Mr. Davies' poems. Some of the other chapters contain equally finished stories, some consist of odds and ends of reminiscences, like that relating to the time just after the World's Fair in Chicago, when there were thousands of men out of work. "Do you want a bowl of the best soup in the city?" a man asked Mr. Davies, and he went, for he had become a connoisseur in free soup.

> "After we had finished our soup," he concludes, "and were leaving, I asked Sullivan what kind of house it was, with so many well-dressed women there, each of a beauty peculiar to herself.
>
> "'It is a sporting house,' he answered. 'How do you like the soup?'
>
> "'Very much,' I returned.
>
> "'You can always rely on girls of that kind to do something good and substantial for the poor,' he said. 'They do not make the soup cold with hymns and prayers. I am glad you enjoyed it.'"

The double revelation in this book is remarkable—the conscious revelation of out-of-the-way or hushed-up things, and the unconscious revelation of a temperament having that simplicity which is so far from morality and yet is apparently superior in the same field.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "The True Traveller." By W. H. Davies. 6s. (Duckworth.)

DOSTOIEVSKY.*

There is, just now, a kind of sudden interest in Dostoievsky. A popular drama based upon "Crime and Punishment" has recently made the least literary of play-goers acquainted with his name; Mr. Rhys's wide-cast net has dragged two volumes of him into "Everyman"; Mr. Heinemann promises a new set in English from the pen of Mrs. Garnett, the inspired translator of Turgenev; and now here is a big volume all about his life and works. A change, this wealth of opportunity, from the days when he swam like a new planet into the convalescence that followed my first acquaintance with influenza—those exiguous days when I had to eke out the few Vizetelly volumes with French translations of the others!

It was to be expected that Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd would add to his pleasant studies of Tolstoy and Turgenev some consideration of the third and, to Englishmen, the least known person of Russia's literary trinity. He deals, at first sight, unequal justice in the matter of space, as Dostoievsky gets a whole three hundred pages to himself while the other two have to share a volume between them; but there would be no valid objection to this—sufficient defence being found in the comparative unfamiliarity of the subject—were it not that Mr. Lloyd exhibits some inexpertness in the handling of a long monograph. His dozen chapters have different titles, but they all say pretty much the same sort of thing, with the result that a careful reader begins to suffer from an uneasy conviction that he is always losing his place and reading pages that he has been over several times already. And, further, it cannot be said (completing here the tale of objections) that Mr. Lloyd is invariably an attractive writer. He struggles quite violently at times to avoid saying a plain thing in a plain manner and to achieve some elaborately literary form of utterance. Now this is not the way to write well. Literature is never literary. The man who tries to write in style will generally be as successful as the housemaid who tries to dress in the fashion; that is to say (leaving these irrelevant generalities), he will perpetrate sentences like this of Mr. Lloyd's:

"Thackeray himself is perpetually haunted by the lorgnette of the English county family in his telescopic sweep of the cosmos."

Or like this:

"Hats and boots seem to have haunted for decades the sombre psychologist who was to sound the deepest plummets of the human soul."

Or like this:

"Then comes a night of horror, after which he shoots himself like a dog."

I assure Mr. Lloyd that if I seem to dwell upon these defects, it is not out of malice or ill-humour, but because I believe them to be weaknesses that he will be glad to avoid in his future work. I adjure him to cultivate plainness and order. His general formlessness and his particular formalism are very tiresome, and seriously detract from his good qualities—his interest in his work, his earnestness of intention, and his tactful choice of the topics that please and enlighten his readers.

Dostoievsky is the poet of the lower depths. His creatures are the paupers, the criminals, and the abnormals—the world's subtermen, not its supermen. He has been called the novelist of pity; but the phrase must be used with discrimination. He was not a sentimentalist. He had the artist's pity, the pitiless pity that finds beauty in the outcast and forlorn; but he never commits the common fallacy in pathos that invests the object with the emotions of the observer. It is the dreadful paradox of Dostoievsky's sufferers that frequently they do not suffer. They are horribly acquiescent in their fate, and their message, the more moving because it is mute, is that this is what man can make of man when the heart is hard and the affections fixed on things below. Like all original artists he shows us the unexpected—the intelligence of the imbecile, the honour of the thief, the kindness of the murderer, and the purity of the prostitute; and all this without any lapse into dissertation or resort to verbal dialectic. Dostoievsky was an artist, not a mere preacher—I say "mere" because, though every work of art has its message, every message is not a work of art. The bitter lot that made Dostoievsky companion of the condemned saved him, as, of course, did his own Russian, unwestern character, from the moral and artistic blunder of believing that humanity can be sorted into two classes of good and bad. We are not so simple as that. Our souls as well as our bodies are fearfully, wonderfully made:

> "We are creatures of splendour and flame,
> Of shuddering, also, and tears;
> Magnificent out of the dust we came,
> And abject from the spheres."

It is not surprising that this novelist of pity was also a revolutionist, a spiritual revolutionist, believing, as all true revolutionists do, that external changes are meaningless and useless without a change of heart as well. Some day we shall recognize that a practical belief in justification by faith rather than by works is the way of social salvation, though such a belief will not at any time absolve us from efforts of reconstruction and amelioration. Here is Dostoievsky's own confession of faith:

"I never could understand the reason why one-tenth part of our people should be cultured, and the other nine-tenths must serve as the material support of the minority, and themselves remain in ignorance. I do not want to think or to live with any other belief than that our ninety millions of people (and those who shall be born after us) will all be some day cultured, humanised and happy."

And in particular, it may be added, he opposed that inevitable ally of ignorance, the Censorship. It is plain, then, that Dostoievsky was one of those culpable persons who will not let men rest in their pleasant circumstances of poverty and misery. He preached discontent. He was, in short, an agitator, and so (as really respectable people have recently been telling us) he deserved to be imprisoned or shot. The Russian Government, always the practical exponent of ideas that the very respectable classes here are content to express more feebly in words (though we are beginning to show signs of Russian firmness just now), evidently thought that Dostoievsky deserved to be both imprisoned and shot; for, having kept him in close confinement for eight months, it sentenced him, and nineteen other malefactors who had also preached discontent with the blessed and unimprovable present, to immediate execution.

"Under strong escort I was led out into the yard, where nineteen of my companions were waiting. It was seven o'clock in the morning. We were put into carriages, four in each, accompanied by a soldier. 'Where are we going?' we asked. 'I must not tell you,' the soldier replied. And as the carriage windows were covered with ice we could see nothing outside At last we reached Semyonovski Square. In the middle of it a scaffold was raised up to which we were led and ranged in two lines. . . . A sheriff appeared on the scaffold and read out our sentence of death; it was to be executed immediately. Twenty times the fatal words were repeated: 'Sentenced to be shot!' and so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterwards I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them. . . . At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought: 'It is impossible; they can't mean to kill us!' and I whispered these words to my nearest companions; but instead of answering, he only pointed to a line of coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth. . . . All hope vanished in an instant, and I expected to be shot in a few minutes; . . . Petracheksvi and two others were already tied to the poles and had their heads covered with a kind of bag, and the soldiers stood ready to fire. I thought I might have five minutes to live, and awful those moments were. I kept staring at a church with a gilt dome, which reflected the sunbeams, and I suddenly felt as if these beams came from the region where I was myself to be in a few moments."

Their sentence, however, was changed at the eleventh hour to penal servitude. They had waited half clad for twenty minutes of a Russian winter morning. One went mad with terror, one got inflammation of the lungs and died of consumption, others had ears and feet frostbitten.

On Christmas Day, 1849, Fedor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky, man of genius, aged twenty-eight, guilty of having loved his fellow-men, began his journey to Siberia. What a world!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "A Great Russian Realist." By J. A. T. Lloyd. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.).

A NEW LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.*

The Bourbons, according to Balzac, were the true preservers of Christianity in France; they never betrayed, said their enthusiastic admirer, the trust which confided Christianity to them. Christianity in France and in Italy has had some strange defenders, royal and ecclesiastical, but no one would deny that Francis of Assisi deserved the certificate which the Bourbons received from the misguided novelist of last century. Francis preserved Christianity when it was endangered within his own church, and preserved it by re-kindling the apostolic spirit of devotion to Christ. This is the perennial interest of the man, even for those whose devotion takes other forms. There are epochs when Christianity is preserved by being re-interpreted, in terms of practical life as well as of dogma. Such interpretations require a strong personality, and Francis, by his sheer genius for Christianity, initiated a movement which worked far beyond the limits of the Franciscan order.

Franciscan literature of late has assumed unwieldy proportions. The higher criticism of the sources alone is almost as bewildering as that of the gospels. In opening a new biography, the reader's first interest is to place the writer, to find out where he stands between Tammasia and Hampe on the one side, and Götz and Thode on the other. Jörgensen is with the latter. In a succinct appendix he gives reasons for preferring the conservative view of the sources. On one point he offers a conjecture, viz., that the bisection of the Three Brothers' Legend reflects an original division. "If the first part reminds us of a regularly arranged legend, the second part supplies precisely the flowers, the *flores* which the Brothers promised to pluck from the fields of their memory. It is likely that the second part of the Three Brothers' Legend originally, or in very early manuscripts, bore the title we know in some Franciscan manuscripts, now injured by fire: *Flores beati Francisis et sociorum ejus.*" There is something to be said for this hypothesis; Muzio's copy has no such division, it is true, but that manuscript possibly obliterated this feature of the original.

Although one may disagree with Jörgensen's critical results, however, his candour and accuracy inspire a measure of confidence. The biography of the saint is written from a definitely Roman Catholic point of view, but it is on the lines of historical research, and, while the translation limps here and there, it reads well. Sabatier's account of the saint differs from Jörgensen's materially. Still, the spell of Francis is upon all his biographers and critics, and there was room in English for this sympathetic, penetrating study from Denmark. It has been plainly a work of long research, but the balance of the narrative, and the easy mastery of the materials, prove that it has come from the pen of a writer who has striven to do more than print the contents of his note-books. For those who wish to read their Francis in the light of recent research, and who are unable to consult many authorities, this volume may be recommended as an excellent guide to the present position of the higher criticism upon the subject. It is not final. But it is fair-minded, and interesting without being viewy. The third book, especially, with its treatment of the foreign missions, and the differences inside the Order, shows the Danish scholar at his best. The chapter on the Portiuncula Indulgence is a proof that the writer is sensible of the responsibilities which attach to an historical scholar who aims at being more than a mere eulogist. J. M.

* "Saint Francis of Assisi." A Biography. By Johannes Jörgensen. Translated from the Danish with the author's sanction by T. O'Conor Sloane, Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.).

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.[1]

The collected edition of Fiona Macleod's works is to be followed by a series of selections from the writings of William Sharp. The first volume contains poetry, most of which was written before he had commenced his curious double career. Apart from their intrinsic merit, these verses are interesting in showing how deliberate an assumption was Sharp's second and feminine self. He appears to have had the power of taking up personalities at will, and Mrs. Sharp refers in her introduction to *The Pagan Review*, "the first and only number of a projected monthly review edited by 'W. H. Brooks'—of which William Sharp wrote every word from cover to cover, under the pseudonyms of the Editor and the seven contributors." Such a feat shows extreme versatility, but it also seems to argue some lack of individuality in the man who was capable of it. This argument is supported by the poems.

Sharp wrote in the Preraphaelite tradition, which had developed the externalities of poetry at the expense of its spirit. Rossetti and Morris, however, had vivid personalities which informed their work and shone through their incrustations of jewelled archaism. Swinburne, though far less individual, had a wealth of verbal music at command, which stifled criticism on any but irrelevant grounds. In lesser men, however, the radical defects of the school became apparent. Sharp was probably one of the most accomplished of the disciples of the Preraphaelites. This volume is full of admirable verse, delicate melodies and chosen diction. If poetry is to be descriptive and pictorial, this is very good poetry indeed.

But both instinct and experience tell us that poetry should be something else; that to write verse for the sake of writing verse, as Sharp did, is not enough. Poetry must be felt. It must be personal and passionate. It must be real.

Awakening to this fact killed Preraphaelitism, just as in France it killed the tradition of the Parnasse. Poets began to search for reality; either within themselves, like Mr. Yeats; or without, like Henley and Davidson; or both, like Mr. Arthur Symons. Consequently, in the last decade of the last century, we had a mass of poetry, which, when time has sorted it out, will probably show more bravely in comparison with the Victorian giants than grudging contemporaries have admitted. There was much that was ephemeral in that poetry of yesterday, much written merely *épater le bourgeois*, but it had a fine relish for life.

We do not wish *épater le bourgeois* nowadays. A new element has got into poetry, which has no business there—conscience. Poetry should be a symptom of an excess of life, and when vitality is high conscience is never much in evidence. Nevertheless, it was bound to come. It had got into fiction and into the theatre. Poetry could scarcely remain immune. When one begins to look into realities, one is sure to see ugly things. The strong artist, generous in his strength, pities. The weak artist gives up reality in disgust and solaces himself in poetic conventions. The conscientious artist, the typical product of to-day, is worried. The most striking examples of the poetry of worry are the two powerful poems recently contributed to the English Review by Mr. John Masefield.

Another poet of this order is Mr. Wilfred Wilson Gibson. He has written much romantic verse,

> "Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
> I shut my eyes to heat and light;
> And saw, in sudden night,
> Crouched in the dripping dark,
> With steaming shoulders stark
> The man who hews the coal to feed my fire."

From this vision Mr. Gibson has striven to fashion a new poetry, a poetry dealing objectively, in absolute simplicity and without sentimentality, with the lives of the humble. One series of slender volumes, "Daily Bread," is already complete. Another commences.[2] As an experiment—in how far poetry can retain its conventions and yet be perfectly realistic—these stories, and the little play written for the Pilgrim Players,[3] are interesting. Nor is the experiment by any means unsuccessful. Mr. Gibson's sincerity and purpose are of the highest. It is not his fault that he lives in a sick age.

[1] "Poems." By William Sharp. Selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

[2] "Fires." Book I. By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[3] "Womenkind." By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

Conscience, again, has inspired Mr. Eden Phillpotts's dramatic monologue, "The Iscariot,"[4] It is characteristic of the time that a distinguished novelist should take the classic example of conscience as the theme of his first serious effort in verse. Mr. Phillpotts's conception of Judas is interesting, though his delineation of the character is, like Mr. Brangwyn's frontispiece, a little blurred. His blank verse is well-knit, reminding one of John Davidson's, and the poem has some striking passages. Yet it gives one the impression of having been written to fulfil a duty rather than a desire.

That is not the case with Miss Ethel Talbot.[5] Here, at least, is the real thing. Her poetry is not great, and it is full of echoes. But it is felt, personal. Like most of the best of the moderns, she has felt the spell of London's moods. She has even boldly challenged comparison with Henley by writing of the city in *vers libre*. Her themes are modern —she has the Tube, for instance, which is more than Henley had—but she rings the changes on the few old emotions which, after all, are the soul of all enduring lyric. The best thing in the book, perhaps, is "From the Egyptian Room."

"A thousand years we feasted with the dead,
Night after night we saw the watch-fires lit
To cleave the dark with yellow flame and red—
And never a man of men had word of it. . . .

"Man rives from us our silence and our sleep,
Man mocks our evil and our good denies:
We, in the sombre treasure-house they keep,
Gaze on futility with amber eyes.

"The little busy people that live now,
Their white arms have no strength, they are not wise,
But the old hate is graven on their brow,
And the old passion riots in their eyes.

"The eternal dream lives in their hearts again,
They cherish yet the old elusive bliss,
Through the sad streets, under the London rain,
As once we dreamed in Heliopolis."

Over and over again, as here, an old thought justifies its re-statement. "London Windows" is a book which one is more likely to take up again than "Fires" or "The Iscariot" or Sharp's Poems.

Mr. Brett-Smith's "Poems of the North"[6] are more scholarly and less buoyant than Miss Talbot's. Perhaps, they show greater possibilities of future development. Anyway, there are things in the book which it is worth while to read.

If England is to cease producing great poetry (which is very far from certain), she will presumably hand on the torch to her daughters. But if the colonies have received it, they have not so far succeeded in kindling it into a clear flame. "A Century of New Zealand's Praise"[7] is probably typical of the verse which will come from overseas for some time yet. But though these sonnets are not transcendent poetry, they are good of their kind. They tell of the history, the country, the nature and sport, the industries and worthies of New Zealand, in verse which is often pleasing. And they have the good emotion of patriotism. They may be crude, but that is a fault of a youth, and a far more hopeful sign than if they were to show qualities imported from more elderly literatures.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

VILLAGE LIFE.*

Mr. Bourne has a wonderful facility for penetrating behind the veil which conceals the lives of the poor. Partly no doubt it is an intense sympathy which makes him realise their circumstances and know much more about them than they know themselves, but he evidently possesses also an extraordinarily keen faculty for analysis and deduction, which makes every event pregnant with meaning for him.

So it comes about that he has given us a document here of vital importance, one which no historian can afford to neglect. He has in fact written the history of the English Countryside for the last twenty years. For though his village is peculiar and not a typical village, though it begins by being a very irregular congregation of crofters and ends by being a mere fringe on the outskirts of a fashionable suburb, a fate, we are thankful to say, that befalls but few of our village communities, still the changes he notes are repeated throughout the country in a minor degree, differing only in quantity not in quality.

It is not a pleasant picture he draws. The old days are gone when the villager lived a semi-independent life, haymaking, thatching, harvesting, turf cutting, hop-picking and what not, with the village common always to fall back upon for the support of his pig, cow or geese. Then his day's work was his day's pleasure. It was full of variety. It was work for his fellows, for himself, or for a farmer scarcely distinguishable from his own class. It was work bound up into the life and prosperity of the village. He took an interest and pride in it. Now all that is changed. The common is enclosed. Instead of doing a multiplicity of odd jobs connected with the land, and carried on amid the old familiar sights and sounds of nature, he works in the garden of the villa resident, an inhabitant of a totally different sphere, or he drives a coal cart. So too with the women. They baked their loaves, cured their bacon, cut their own turf, all duties related to their husbands' work and harmonising with the general industry of their people. Now, like their husbands, they are wage earners in Egypt, toiling in the stranger's house. Instead of the old happy-go-lucky existence, free generally from care, full generally of good feeling and co-operation, has come for both husband and wife the life of intermittent wage-earning, of deadly competition with other men and women for jobs. The friendly farmer has given place to the distant and disdainful villa resident.

The very law seems harder and harsher. Everything is enclosed. The old paths are trodden with fear. The very pig is ostracised. One by one cottages are demolished to make room for villas. The old rich contentment has disappeared. Some compensations are provided by the increasing hold of the church, the larger outlook given by the newspaper, the interest of politics. But we feel with Mr. Bourne that there has passed, not exactly a glory, but a pleasant healthy state of existence from the earth. He stirs our sympathies to their depths.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.*

Whatever subject Mr. Edward Carpenter discusses, he is bound to say something fairly startling and unexpected. For he turns the light of an original and yet extremely receptive mind on the matter, and in this illumination the oldest and commonest happenings to mankind, "the old sweet uses of existence," are seen to be as interesting in the twentieth century as they were ten thousand years ago. This "Drama of Love and Death" is complementary to the author's "Art of Creation," and "Love's Coming of Age," and while it is characteristically and joyously frank and outspoken on these sacred and universal mysteries, and contains many a fine thought and beautiful suggestion, it is, let us say it at once and in all honesty, by no means Edward Carpenter at his best. We miss the force and humour that prevailed in "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation its Cause and Cure," and the genius that inspired that really great book of poems "Towards Democracy" has not, one would say, been invoked for the present volume. Over and over in this "Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration" we are called upon to

[4] "The Iscariot." By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

[5] "London Windows." By Ethel Talbot. 2s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

[6] "Poems of the North." By H. F. Brett Brett-Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell & Fisher Unwin.)

[7] "A Century of New Zealand's Praise." By Arnold Wall. (Simpson & Williams, Christchurch, N.Z.).

* "Change in the Village." By George Bourne. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

* "The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration." By Edward Carpenter. 5s. net. (George Allen.)

consider what Professors Geddes and Thomson have said, and to listen to the words of Dr. Oscar Hertwig, Dr. Havelock Ellis, and other notable persons. The frequent reference to the opinions and conclusions of scientific writers in footnotes, and in the text, is apt to be tiresome in a work by no means exclusively scientific. The bringing in of Ovid, and the allusion to him as "a gay dog," jar the reader (as well drag in Paul de Koch). "The love affairs of the Protozoa" doubtless have their place in the Drama of Love, and Mr. Carpenter indeed compels an interest in these remote proceedings; but when it comes to Mr. W. T. Stead's "psychic phenomena" and "Katie King" and her numerous manifestations, and the whole bag of tricks of Mr. Sludge, the medium, the Drama of Death becomes, to us, the merest penny-gaff, a melodrama infinitely less entertaining than the performances of Mr. Maskelyne, and inextricably mixed up with fraud, and the perversion of high spiritual gifts to avarice and animal cunning. This acceptance by Mr. Edward Carpenter of the doctrines of Spiritism may account for the amiable but quite unjust, scorn of Christianity displayed in this book. Accepting the "miracles" of the spiritist seance, he ignores the fact that the Christian Church from the beginning has always believed in the resurrection of the dead, and that Roman Catholics in all ages have accepted and enjoyed "miracles" far more wonderful and stupendous than any of the performances of American Spiritualist mediums. As for the "Art of Dying"—it has been the art of arts to countless Christians, and a whole Christian literature exists on the subject. Mr. Carpenter contemns "sky-pilots" for "mumbling over ancient creeds," and yet cheerfully refers us to the Upanishads which are not exactly modern. Why, revolting against the materialist conclusions of nineteenth-century science, and turning to a life of resurrection, is it necessary to belittle and misrepresent the Christian beliefs that have endured since that first Easter at Jerusalem? If we have not done justice to the many passages that must charm all readers of this "Drama of Love and Death," the author has no one but himself to blame. He provokes the hostility even of those who, like the present writer, have known and admired the work of the author of "Towards Democracy" for the past twenty-five years, and have not suddenly woke up to the knowledge that Edward Carpenter is one of the few men of real literary genius alive in England to-day.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

LOVE IN LONDON.*

The one regard in which this novel surpasses any other that Mr. Oliver Onions has written is in the elaborate cunning of its plot. Mr. Onions always writes with distinction; his style, if at times a little too deliberate, too restrained to give adequate play to the passion it carries, has its own charm; and he has the ripe, tolerant knowledge of humanity and the skill in presenting character without which no novelist can tell a story that will count as literature. All these qualities go to the building up of "In Accordance with the Evidence" and in addition there is the carefully planned, closely woven, subtly developed narrative of how Jeffries, the big, ungainly, plodding city clerk for whom women possessed no attraction grew to love one girl, Evie Soames, with a terrible, secret passion in which every thought of self and all consideration for any happiness but hers is utterly consumed. He can pretend to make love to the pathetically plain and unloved Kitty Windus, never meaning to marry her or caring, except momentarily, how deeply he must hurt and humiliate her at last, his one consideration being that in affecting an engagement with her he is able to be more constantly near to Evie, better able to have news of her and watch over her. When he finds that Evie loves his shallow, dissipated, conceited, handsome junior, Archie Merridew, after a great inward struggle, he can force himself to stand aside and surrender her till, being Archie's close friend and so much in his confidence as to hear of all his amorous adventures, he learns of one horrible reason why Archie should never marry and resolves that, at all events, for her own sake, he shall not marry Evie.

So fixed is he in this resolve that when he has appealed to Archie and warned him and his warnings have been laughed to scorn, he calmly and dispassionately makes up his mind that he will put an end to Archie's life, but he will do it in such a fashion that he himself shall not have to suffer for performing what he sees to be an act of entirely righteous sacrifice. Then you see how from the beginning of the story circumstances have played into his hand so as to make this grim end possible. That may be a weakness in the plot—that clever over-elaboration, but it undeniably and ingeniously paves the way to a tragically impressive and powerful close. Not a pleasant story, perhaps, in certain of its aspects, but a story that grips you by its imaginative force and sincerity. The minute, intimate study of Jeffries' character is masterly; the whole inner and narrow, squalid outer life of the man are laid bare to you; in the miserable loneliness and sordidness of his cheap lodgings, in the dull, mechanical, oppressed, underpaid circumstances of his everyday office life, in the rare moments when his soul awakens, when his finer emotions are touched and the drudging commercial machine becomes a sentient, dreadfully human creature—in all his few changing moods and conditions he appeals curiously to your sympathies, so that neither his crime, nor his evasion of justice, nor his after immunity from any fret of remorse, nor even his winning at length the crowning happiness he had seemed to have lost beyond hope, shocks your sense of what is fit and right or leaves you otherwise than satisfied. That is Mr. Oliver Onions' greatest triumph. You may easily find pleasanter books among the new novels, but you will not easily find a more arresting or a more brilliantly written one than this.

A.

* "In Accordance with the Evidence." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

THE PLAYWRIGHT.*

The most perplexing element about this book is the almost distressingly calm way in which Mr. Archer turns alike to the Drama that intends greatly and the Drama that intends no more than a ready commercial success. There are degrees of difference in the latter as in the former; but to confuse the two planes of being is surely to perpetuate one of the most fruitful causes of artistic misunderstanding during the latter half of the past century. It is from this generation that Mr. Archer comes; and he may likely enough be a little amused at a new race that is perhaps impatient of control, or unduly anxious to re-try the oracles. There are few plays he has not seen during his lengthy experience, and there are not many of them that are not made to serve some lesson in these pages. Perhaps it is owing to this that one may say of him that "his Minerva is born in panoply." and perhaps the fact is derived, as "Saint Charles" unkindly suggested, from a national instinct.

Some of us have wildly believed, and even still continue wildly to believe, that Drama has an artistic revival before it that shall be born of, and continue in, adventure, maybe even rank heresy. We have even thought the aim will be very great, and the adventure correspondingly heretical. It is to such that Mr. Archer comes, replete in knowledge of all past dramatic attainments; and it is part of the nature of the case that his edicts are chiefly prohibitions. To take an example (and, as Mr. Archer will at once admit, a not unadventurous example), he is, save for one or two possible exceptions that he admits, ruthless in ruling out the possibility of soliloquies. I have in one or two places endeavoured to show that a man speaking aloud to himself when overwrought with pain or joy, is no very rare event in real life, and that an audience is willing to attest that fact when

* "Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship." By William Archer. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

given on the stage if only it be aptly given. I have even tried to say that the chief difficulty of its presentation is a matter of stage management; that, for example, the over-refinement of a modern drawing-room and a lack of depth in the stage picture, are insuperable barriers, one suggesting a highly artificial manner of life and the other frustrating that deep entry and walk across the stage, that provide so easy an opportunity for soliloquy. Apart from this, however, is it not possible to say that Drama cannot again be great until it be very heavily charged, and even overwrought with emotional strength? And is it not then that men break into passionate soliloquy? If that be so, then, if it be or be not used, the possibility of soliloquy becomes the fact of greatness in Drama. The Aside, as Mr. Archer himself is careful to point out, is a different matter. There the prohibition maintains, because it violates probability.

Another of his prohibitions is the use of verse in Drama except when it be Lyric Drama. It is difficult altogether to understand him (which is a very rare thing to have to say of Mr. Archer); for a play cannot be all lyric. There are bound to be non-lyric movements; and yet he deprecates, in another unhappy prohibition, the alternation of prose and verse! It is all a question of the prose or verse that is used, one may say: but it is a very considerable fact to have kept alive any faith at all in the possibility of poetic drama, after having traversed the wilderness of very prose drama that he has trodden.

I have taken these two examples, because they have seemed to me typical of Mr. Archer's attitude. He is careful to say twice or thrice over in the course of his book that new workmen in Drama bring their new modes and laws. But these sentences stand out as precautionary asides. On the whole the temper of his attitude seems to be against adventure, and the breaking of new boundaries. Very completely and adequately he sums up the past, and stands facing the future entrenched in its achievement. There can be no objection to that if he would take all the past, and not only the unhappy latter end of the nineteenth century, with its moment of momentum in the early days of the twentieth. Surely so clear a mind as his does not mean to infer that the nineteenth century is better than the fifteenth or sixteenth just because nineteen is later in the order of numerals than fifteen or sixteen!

In this summing-up the amount of ground that he covers is wonderful. From the beginning of a play to its end he fills movement by movement with precept and illustration, so that it is impossible to read the book without becoming aware of all the difficulties that face the dramatic craftsman and the various answers to them that have been made. And all Mr. Archer's clear thinking is employed in this task. When first I looked through the book, my inclination was at once to read the chapter entitled "Character and Psychology," for that clearly is the centre of all things in Drama. I resisted the temptation, and read steadily through, taking it in its course. Yet the instinct was right; for not only is the subject the centre of all things, but Mr. Archer's treatment of it raises it easily to the most important chapter in the book.

He sets himself at the outset to answer the "frequent critical complaint that in such-and-such a character there is 'no development.' That it remains the same throughout a play; or (so the reproach is sometimes worded) that it is not a character but an invariable attitude." How important this is needs no saying. It was seen, for example, in the recent presentation at The Little Theatre of Tchekof's "Seagull." There three characters were sucked up into the action, formed part of it, indeed, and so could not maintain "an invariable attitude"—to accept for a moment the words whose meaning Mr. Archer examines. These were Treplef, Nina and Trijorin; and they all failed to convince. There where three who had no part in the action; from whom, therefore, no development was expected. These were Sorin, Shamrayef and Dorn—if not indeed, Masha also; and these were clearly recognisable from start to end. The very fact that when Tchekof had to call up a character into some function in the action he lost him or her, is a considerable confession of failure on his part; but wherein does the failure consist? It is in his answer to this, and the other questions lying round and about it that Mr. Archer makes a real and permanent contribution to clear thinking. There is not the space at my disposal either to give it or the gist of it (if, indeed, the treatment did not demand a quite separate attention); but it is certain that it should not only prove explicit but provide moreover a considerable incentive to exploration into the half-lit ramifying passages in the subliminal vaults of Being.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.*

If so brilliant and magnificent a function as last year's Shakespeare Ball was to leave us any souvenir at all, it was bound to be such a souvenir as, for amplitude and artistic beauty, had rarely or never been devised before; and this handsome volume, clothed in vellum and gold and finished with dainty ribbon fastenings, edited by Mrs. Cornwallis West, enriched with colour plates, drawings, photogravures, and with literary contributions from some of our most famous living authors, is the very model of

* "The Shakespeare Memorial Souvenir of the Shakespeare Ball." Edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis West. 5 guineas net. (F. Warne & Co.)

Miss Eleanor Balfour as Mistress Jane Willoughby.

(Reproduced upon a reduced scale from "The Shakespeare Memorial Souvenir of the Shakespeare Ball," by permission of Messrs. F. Warne & Co., Ltd.)

what such a souvenir should be, and in every way worthy of the memorable occasion that it commemorates.

There is a delightfully flippant, farcical article by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which the bust of Shakespeare discusses Othello, Iago, Lady Macbeth and other of his characters with a glorious impertinence, throwing in a shrewd and illuminating criticism or suggestion here and there by the way. Mr. Chesterton writes on the Shakespeare Ball, as one who was not there, in his gayest, most fantastic humour; and other entertaining essays on some aspect of the same function are supplied by Mr. Lewis Hind, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe; there is a charming essay on "Masques and Routes" by Mr. Anthony Hope, and an admirable discussion of the Shakespeare Tercentenary by the Earl Lytton. In addition to the fifty coloured plates, drawings, and photogravures of beautiful society ladies dressed in Shakespearean parts, there are over fifty sketches and photographs of the principal characters in the Quadrilles, a complete list of guests at the Ball, a programme of the Procession and Quadrilles making the whole publication absolutely complete. One can only congratulate Lady Cornwallis West and her publishers on the care and thoroughness with which they have arranged and produced this splendid and unique memento of a unique occasion.

Novel Notes.

FELIX CHRISTIE. By Peggy Webling. 6s. (Methuen.)

The opening scene of "Felix Christie," Miss Peggy Webling's new romance, gives us a refreshing humorous sketch of a "harvest-home" in Ontario, at which Professor Wiggins and Felix constituted the orchestra. Presently Felix is drawn to London to seek his fortune as a violinist, and his career henceforth yields a closely woven and deeply interesting story of failure and success and disillusionment and love. A weakness in his arm frustrates his first ambition, but Felix, nothing daunted, turns to literature, and compels success. The bare plot is simple, and its recital would do injustice to the book, the merits of which consist in its quietly humorous and subtle characterisation. The infatuation is admirably portrayed in Felix's relations with Miss Pearl Henning, who jilts him in favour of Gambol, the hairdresser. Our quarrel with the plot would be the too infrequent appearances of Ettie Boscombe, whose picture adorns the cover, and to whom the hero is eagerly returning on the last page of the story. Her charms are made matter of inference rather than of description; and we surmise that Miss Webling has been very naturally tempted to give larger portraits of her humorous types, at which she is so good that we found ourselves wishing that her book had been unmixed comedy. In other words, that is to say, when clean mirth is such a rare element in our fiction we should have been glad of a whole novel written on the high comic level of Miss Webling's description of how Mrs. Christie restored the appetite of Mrs. Boscombe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Melrose.)

Whoever has enjoyed to its full the fascinating spell of "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus" must confess to a reluctant feeling of disappointment with the author's new novel "A Daughter of the Rich." True, here and there in its pages, we savour the same mountain freshness which made the earlier novel such appetising fare, and the same kindly spirit, the same simple faith and cheery good-natured philosophy lend warmth and colour to the story. But the action, or rather the inaction, of the novel fails to sustain interest, the tale gathers no momentum; it is a patchwork of clever character studies sewn together in a somewhat obvious manner. However, every lover of typical New England folk will be grateful for the delightful pictures Miss Waller gives of "The Lost Nation"—the local nickname for the four families who dwell on Mount Hunger It is with the daily life, the pranks and precocities, the loves and heartburnings, of one of these families, the Blossoms, that the story is mainly concerned. The Blossom children, March and Rose, and the twins, Budd and Cherry, are as breezy and wholesome a bunch as any parent could desire, and with the help of Chi, their hired man, they provide a carnival of fun. Into the bosom of this boisterous household there comes by the doctor's orders "a daughter of the rich," Hazel Clyde, a child of thirteen, the sickly product of an artificial, hot-house, feather-bed existence. The transformation is complete; we see Hazel blossom into a radiant specimen of girlhood, and we are thoroughly at one with dear old Chi when he mutters to himself: "George Washin'ton! How she manages to creep into the softest corner of a man's heart, I don't know. I expect it's those great eyes of hers, 'n' that voice just like a brook winnerin' 'n' gurglin' over its stones in August. . . "

THE BRIDE OF LOVE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mrs. Horn writes with fluency and with great good spirits. Her new story, however, is so slight that it does not equal in interest those earlier novels by which she became popular. That Stair Mortimer, Lord Overdene, should be jilted on his wedding-day, and that his runaway bride's marriage with a chauffeur should be followed instantly by the tragic death of her husband, is an interesting situation; but it only serves to set Stair Mortimer free for the one great love of his lifetime—his love for Psyche Lemaire, a beautiful but rather silly girl. The plot to deprive Stair of his title is so half-hearted that it is not convincing; and the book's chief interest lies in the character of Miss Juliana, who very frankly admits that she is supposed to be like David Copperfield's aunt. This is undoubtedly the case, but, although she swears prodigiously, Miss Juliana is as gruff and tender-hearted as any maiden-lady with sorrowful memories of love should be expected to be. Readers who agree with us in thinking Miss Juliana the most interesting character in "The Bride of Love" will be gratified at leaving her a prospective Vicomtesse.

LORD OF IRONGRAY. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Greening.)

A vendetta in an English nobleman's house is the exciting subject of Mr. Harris-Burland's new story, which will presently be described by many pens as a "thrilling romance." Matrimony was the means of rousing the latent energies and ambitions of Jack Orlebar; but over his new happiness rested the cloud of his past vagabondage in Polynesia. By a fine series of coincidences the secret of his earlier marriage became known to the vicar's daughter who had hoped to marry him, and also, before long, to a gang of blackmailers. A Polynesian exhibition in London, dramatically brought Orlebar face to face with his half-caste son, Rikaro; and Orlebar, daring everything to conceal his secret from his wife, connived at the attempted death of the boy. By a nice piece of dramatic irony his sordid intrigue to save the family honour from the disgrace of a half-caste heir, was little to the purpose, for his indiscretions had been exactly anticipated by his uncle, the real heir, whose death at sea had been wrongly presumed. Mr. Harris-Burland's plot, however, defies compression; moonlight murders, tragedies in a disused pit, impersonations, buccaneering, detective subtlety—these are some of the ingredients which the author dispenses with a lavish hand, and blends into a rattling good story. There is a love-story in the book, too, and the final solution is brought about by a supreme self-sacrifice.

FOR THE QUEEN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)

"There are only four letters and a ring. But with them goes—the honour of a queen." The theme is no younger than Edgar Allan Poe, but Mr. Oppenheim "cuts" the philosophy, dispenses with commentary, and concentrates his skill on the multiplication of the difficulties with which the reader is confronted. The issue involves a tragedy and the flight of a beautiful agent

of police, the active agent in the tragedy, to a convent at Highgate—which seems rather hard on the convent. So much for the tale that gives its title to the book. And when so much that passes for fiction is but mere special pleading or pamphleteering, the reader who wants to be amused during an idle hour must be grateful to Mr. Oppenheim for this as for many another "opiate for ennui." "For the Queen" is clever, but hardly the best of the fifteen short stories of which it forms one. "The Ambassador's Dilemma" deals ingeniously with a purloined despatch. "In an Oxfordshire Lane" tells how a runaway match followed by parental hatred is at length blessed with happiness and content, and introduces us to a strolling player, Dick Andrews, of whom one would not be sorry to hear again. In "Lenore" a chivalrous young Guardsman comes to the aid of beauty in distress, and discovers in a pretty music teacher his lost cousin. These are well above the normal level of such literary fare. "A Sprig of Heather" is another excellent story, with at least one good sentiment in it: "To be past the age of dreams is to stand upon the threshold of death—the death of mediocre content, or mortally wounded sensibility." Altogether a capital example of Mr. Oppenheim in his lighter mood.

A FÆRY-LAND FORLORN. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This pathetic little story differs markedly from others which have been told by Mrs. Penrose, yet it is as readable as any of them, and it has a very pleasant Irish setting. Mrs. Penrose does not believe in conventional happy endings, but in "A Færy-Land Forlorn" she seeks to show that sorrow is not without its recompenses; and this endeavour saves the book from being a mere record of unhappiness, although it is true that the aims of the chief characters are paralysed by strange happenings beyond their control. Frenzied by financial ruin, Terence Donovan's father killed the father of Evelyn Eyre, just after the two young people had become engaged. Evelyn, horrified and innocent, clung for sympathy to Terence, never imagining that their love would be less sweet because of the tragedy. Terence, whose father was the criminal, saw that the sense of blood-guiltiness would always be between Evelyn and himself, so, very scrupulously, he decided that they must part, thus completing the destruction of their happiness. To fulfil his resolve, Terence went away, and, years later, married another woman. But he returned to Ireland to die, and bequeathed his child to Evelyn as a legacy of love. His wife was surely too complaisant regarding the unconditional disposal of her child; but Mrs. Penrose reconciles us to Mrs. Donovan's unusual indifference, for she makes her properly heartless. And, as Evelyn always wanted a fairy child, she found in this one the only kind of earthly happiness that remained to her, so perhaps Mrs. Penrose means to suggest that happiness, after all, lies only in sacrifice.

EBB AND FLOW. By Mrs. Irwin Smart. 6s. (Routledge).

> "There is a tide within the human soul
> Of constant ebb and flow, a force which seems
> As wide, as restless, and beyond control
> As yonder sea. . . ."

Mrs. Irwin Smart quotes three verses of this poem of the tides, and her story illustrates, with decided power, the ebb and flow in a girl's heart and life. Seven chapters at the beginning of the book introduce us to a farm-house in Scotland, a house where death has come and taken the wife and mother, and left the grave devoted husband and the little girl just old enough to grieve and remember. To the old farm, in time, come Aunt Maria and her own children, to "look after" little Nancy Ironside, the motherless child, and then Nancy's more hideous troubles begin. In its quiet, simple, rather old-fashioned style, this portion of the book is perhaps the best. It reveals the hungry heart of the little girl, her passion, and her inner life; it shows her in the midst of uncongenial natures, harshness, meanness, yet with her own secret joys and comforts. The child is flesh and blood, and her silent father, her self-seeking aunt, her harsh brother, and sneaking cousins are, also, living, breathing beings round about her. The book changes and becomes more modern in the later sections, while still keeping very consistently to the early promise of Nancy's character. A great love had come into her life on her return from school—an impossible love, and when worldly, Frenchified "Aunt Polly," Madame Du Pré, whisks her off to London, Nancy is glad to go, and leave behind her the more poignant reminders of her pain. In the new English life the girl is adaptable, but through all the changes we trace her own individuality; and we feel that the wild, all-pervading first-love is not dead, only penned back in her heart. Other lovers come, and other troubles; and in the inexplicable manner which is so absolutely true to life, Nancy marries the wrong man. Ebb and flow, ebb and flow; Mrs. Smart has made a tender, poignant story of Nancy Ironside's life, from babyhood to reconciliation.

SHARROW. By Baroness Von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Intentionally or otherwise, the Baroness von Hutten seems to have put her finger on the main reason why the power of our aristocracy is nowadays so evidently ossifying. Our old nobility is too contented to sit down in state and

The Baroness von Hutten.

look proudly to its past instead of to its future; as a consequence it is beginning to appear as dowdy and as obsolete as a woman does when she moves among up-to-date fashions wearing a last season's hat and gown. The Sharrows are a very ancient family indeed, and have lived for many generations in an ancient and beautiful house for which they have a quite inordinate pride and affection. Old Lord Sharrow, who never seems to have done anything worth doing, finds himself nearing the end of his days, and having no son of his own, he interests himself in his great-nephews, one of whom is his heir. He is less attracted to this fortunate youth than to the red-headed, ugly young Sandy Sharrow, who so strikingly resembles himself in appearance and in the wildness and almost primitive savagery of his disposition, and who would rightfully succeed him, only that by some mischance Sandy's grandfather's marriage turned out to be illegal. Sandy, too, has what his luckier cousin lacks, a fervent and instinctive

love for the storied old house of his ancestors, and it is in accordance with the fitness of things that as a result of his regard for the place and his fondness for searching about in its odd corners, and among its dusty relics, he unconsciously brings to light certain documents that, later, when he is living, disgraced and outcast in Paris, establish the legality of his grandfather's marriage, and, after all, make him, more even to old Lord Sharrow's satisfaction than his own, the true heir to the ancestral title and estates. Meanwhile, he has passed through lurid years of disappointed love and reckless dissipation. He returns home to take up the honours and duties that his aged great-uncle is just laying down. "Love the house," old Sharrow urges him, as he is dying, and Sandy promises that he will. He will not marry, at first because he means to let the younger brother whom he loves succeed him; but his brother dying, he marries his third and truest love, anxious to have an heir to whom he may transmit his greatness, and before the end of the story his hope is fulfilled. He has no other ambition; no desire to do anything that shall justify him in his position as one of the heads of the nation; no conception of any duty beyond loving and maintaining the ancient family residence and begetting a son to occupy it after he has done with it. But this subtle irony is only an undercurrent in a well-contrived story that is full of incident and, though it has its melodramatic moments, is plausibly and brilliantly written. The characterisation throughout is remarkably good.

A LONG SHADOW. By Gwendolen Pryce. 6s. (Cassell.)

The old proverb which gives the title to the book, runs: "A little man may cast a long shadow." It is a happily chosen title for a novel that deals with a tragedy of temperament. "There was weakness in all the lines and proportions of his (Percy Brandon's) face, but most of all in his mouth and chin, and, as if he knew it, he frequently held the lower part of his face between his thumb and forefinger, so that these features were hidden behind his hand." In a paroxysm of rage Brandon, a London clerk on a cycling holiday in Wales, rode over a child. Left a fortune, he was drawn back to the spot by a strange magnetism, and found that his little victim had lived, a hopeless cripple. It was his fate to fall in love with her benefactress, and his Nemesis was to come in his inability to confess to his betrothed his identity with the man whom she denounced as a ruffian and murderer. The improbability of the story is in his remaining in the place when he knew that his secret had been discovered by an enemy willing to blackmail him. The way of escape for poor Brandon, whose faults were only negative, was hard. Miss Pryce provides an ingenious, if somewhat cynical solution, in an act of suicide that is capable of being construed as heroism. Thus it came about that Anabella Powell, in a passion of regret for some passing mistrust of her supposed hero, erected a monument to his memory, "to front the sea and the sun with the lie upon its face." The lie ran: "Sacred to the memory of Percy Brown Brandon, who died to save a child's life, on the 24th of July, 189–. Aged 38. 'He that loseth his life shall find it.'" A powerful novel on a drab theme.

INNOCENCE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Theodosia Lloyd. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Lloyd begins her story where Trollope did his best work, in an English cathedral town, but she shifts her two main characters to London, where one becomes a journalist, and the other works with the lady who jilts the said journalist. Howard Brook and Eve Latham eventually mate. Innocence is not left entirely forlorn in the wilderness of metropolitan life. But the interest of the story is not in their relations so much as in the contrast of types. Miss Lloyd's work is evidently prentice-work. She leaves several characters half-sketched, and fails to make the most of the difficult situation between Howard and his prim, clerical home. At the same time, the clash of temperaments is drawn with some penetration. The youthful affectations of the University man, the provincial atmosphere of the clerical set, the bourgeois suburban ways of Eve's cousins, and the journalistic manners of Brook and his set, are played off against one another with good effect. Miss Lloyd has some power of description, and she knows one or two types of women. Her novel suffers, however, from over-crowding, and the good scenes do not make up a satisfactory plot. There is promise in this book. It repays reading, and the authoress will do stronger work yet.

A DERELICT EMPIRE. By Mark Time. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

The author dedicates this "fantasy," as he calls it, to the British Elector, in the hope that ten years hence the assumptions from which it starts may still be wholly imaginary. Having thus said "Heaven forbid!" he proceeds to give us a picture of England under a Socialist and Syndicalist government with Mr. Swinton Mountchapel as premier. Among other enormities, the House of Lords has been abolished; Home Rule granted to Ireland; the suffrage extended to all adults of both sexes; and old age pensions granted to all applicants over fifty years of age. Moreover—and this is the starting point of the story—this revolutionary government has decided to evacuate India and entirely emancipate this great dependency from British control. In the opinion of the officers of the Siwana Horse, an Indian cavalry regiment, the result of this fateful decision will be wide-spread anarchy and the possible appearance on the scene of the Germans, the Russians, or the Japanese; not to mention complications with the Amir and the Nizam. "I imagine," says Captain Wardlaw, "that a great deal will depend on whether India can produce a man capable of mastering the situation. If such a man should come to the front and succeed in making himself obeyed by the army, he might found a new empire." And the story describes how Captain Wardlaw himself steps into the breach and performs this stupendous task; and so well does he acquit himself that when he is on the point of leaving India rather than acknowledge personally the suzerainty of the Kaiser, the German Emperor sends an urgent wire waiving his claim to overlordship on the ground that "India cannot spare you." The story is especially interesting as giving what purports to be the attitude of the average civil and military official in India towards this grave problem of national emancipation. It is essentially a tale of the army, and to those interested in the intricate game of war it will probably make its strongest appeal.

HERSELF. By Ethel Sidgwick. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick has a taking way with her, and writes with charm and distinction. Excellent are the scenes at Madame Barriere's school for girls at Versailles, at Farover, the home of those complacent objectionables, the Escreets, and at the village concert—with Mr. Finch, the curate, performing: "You see, he has to keep order with the boys as well, sir, and with his black face, it's difficult." So it was. And difficult it was also for Patrick; and difficult Patrick made it for Harriet Clench and Geoffry Horn. The pathos of Patrick's life, and the pity of it! See him outside the highly respectable Farover house where Harriet sat alone and "sang without tears, for her suffering was too deep-seated for that." "He leant against the house-wall in the rain, having crept round into the garden, near where shafts of light from the drawing-room lay out upon the lawn. He was a stray dog, come begging again because he could not keep away. . . . She had told him not to come, he could not imagine why; but, forbidden or not, he had been drawn along the roads again, through the cold drizzle, to the spots he knew she haunted." Oh, eminently "collectable" was Patrick and marked to be collected by death. But Harriet Clench lives through the bad days and far away—west of the west—in Donegal, Mr. Horn "tells" her between the tides "where once a saint bathed his feet, and left behind him a healing holy well." And the wise reader will find the whole story in "Herself," and will also learn of the great Dr. Gudgeon, of Bertha Lindt, the musician, and of Ann Maskery, and other persons "collectable" and otherwise, in a novel so markedly above the average, and so good to read.

RUTH OF THE ROWLDRICH. By Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Must a woman of genius forego husband and home and all the claims of love in order to give that genius full expression? Ruth Leigh, the heroine of Mrs. Wrench's new novel, awakens slowly and painfully to the knowledge that her brains and faculties will never have a chance to blossom into fulfilment, if she settles down as the wife of her long-time playmate and lover, David Miller, a sturdy, large-hearted son of the soil. Wondering what the future holds in store for her, the fancy seizes her one midsummer's eve to test the truth of a local legend, and at nightfall she makes her way barefooted to the mystic group of Rowldrich stones, a kind of miniature Stonehenge: and there, as luck will have it, Ruth meets a young artist, philanderer, and dreamer, whose influence sends her to London, to that great world of adventure, Fleet Street. Many types of men and women she meets here, and her heart stirs to new sensations; but always in the background waits the faithful figure of David Miller. Ruth's first book is a great success—every fibre of her being she has put into it; her second, however, is a failure, and in the end she is glad to exchange the obsession of an all-possessing ambition for the peace and happiness of a home with David. Such in brief is the ambit of this interesting novel, which is remarkable for the intimate analysis it gives of the conflicting elements in the character of a woman of Ruth's type.

DICKY DILVER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Dough, the dog in "Dicky Dilver" deserves a place of honour beside Old Man's famous mule, Miss Wilks. But Dough, after all, plays only a minor part in the working out of a capital story. Dicky himself, the charming Miss Smith, and the mysterious, handsome Indian squaw whom Dicky carries to his cabin, half dead with exhaustion, out of the wild heart of a night of storm—these are the leading characters in one of the lightest, most amusing, and most interesting romances Mr. Burgin has ever written. The egregious Miss Pilkins, the autocratic, meddlesome local journalist, with her brazen attempts to blackmail Dicky, and her somewhat melodramatic kidnapping of the beautiful squaw, who proves to be no squaw at all, but—well, there is no justification for our revealing a secret that Mr. Burgin very resolutely and adroitly conceals until the right time has come for letting it out. The scene is laid at Four Corners, in Canada, again. The characters are sketched with swift, skilful and humorous touches, and the whole story of love and jealousy and hatred and vengeful intrigue has the right romantic setting, is narrated easily and pleasantly, and is by turns idyllic, farcical, picturesquely descriptive, and generally alive with incident and adventure. If you want to get away from the vexed problems of the hour and forget them all in a breezy, entertaining story that is a story and nothing else, you cannot do better than possess yourself at once of "Dicky Dilver."

Mr. G. B. Burgin.
From a photograph taken in Switzerland.

Bookman's Table.

LONDON STORIES. Being a Collection of the Lives and Adventures of Londoners in all Ages. Edited by JOHN O'LONDON. Vol. I. 6s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Everyone knows that John o' London (otherwise Mr. Wilfrid Whitten) is one of the first among living authorities on all that relates to the history of the great city from which he takes his name; and from the stores of his knowledge on this inexhaustible subject he has lately been bringing together the stories that go to the making of this fascinating book. He has not aimed, as he says in his preface, to produce any formal history or topography, but to dip into that romance of London's past and compile a miscellany of the infinitely varied tales that are its memories of yesterday and the years that are gone. The stories are not arranged in order of date nor in any sequence at all, and this seems to add to their freshness by evading even a semblance of monotony. From an excellent article on the Street Cries of London, you pass to a history of Child's Bank, gossip about Dr. Donne's Monument, about the death of Lord Bacon, the popularity of that doggerel song "Pop goes the Weasel," to the story of George Barnwell's crime, of the Duke of Wellington's duel, of the Gordon Riots, of the Whistling Oyster, the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, and a hundred and fifty or so others concerning quaint, rascally, heroic, or some way famous London characters, customs and events. Mr. Whitten has been assisted by a staff of competent contributors, and the book is cleverly illustrated by Mr. George Morrow and other well-known artists. "London Stories" is still continuing its appearance in fortnightly sections, and we congratulate editor and publishers on its having grown to a sufficient number of parts to bind up into so large and so peculiarly interesting a book as this first volume is.

ANIMA CELTICA. By Reginald C. Hine. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Anima Celtica" is a most kindly appreciation of the Celt, and of the Irishman in particular. It is not in the least ethnological, but a rhapsody, with many examples, about "the delicate grace, the mystery and the strangeness of beauty that lie hidden from the common view in the soul of the Celt—the Anima Celtica." Many will feel that, whether he deserves it or not, the Celt has been sufficiently praised during these last thirty or forty years, and that in mere encomium little remained to be done. Certainly Mr. Hine, with all his enthusiasm and scrupulous writing, has not done this little, but has rather written an elegant exercise in a well-known theme. It is full of this kind of thing. "It was their bitterness of soul sorrow which gave the chief impulse to their song, and drove them to that deep communion with Madonna Natura which is reflected in all their literary work. It has been with them as it was with the other nations before their time. Out of the ruins of a memorable past there has sprung the creative flower of beauty: fate has given them gifts of fairer kind than those she took away. The glory of its youth was passed too soon from Ireland: the people once so strong have gone down early to their grave. Yet their spirit lingers like an everlasting enchantment about the hills and valleys of their beloved country: and the glory that they lost is but added to the earth. . . ." If Mr. Hine had not been so carried away he would have cut out "Madonna Natura" and "creative flower," at any rate. But criticism should "tread lightly, because it treads on a heart" in dealing with this slender floral book, made up

of so much fine sentiment and fine quotations from Messrs. Douglas Hyde, Arthur Symons, W. B. Yeats, Swinburne, Wilde, Thomas Hardy, Lionel Johnson, William Sharp, R. H. Horne, Clarence Mangin, A.E., Thomas Traherne, and others.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING WOMAN. By Adelheid Popp. 3s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"If every rich and contented woman in the land would but read it, how wise she would become," said the late Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald when she first read Adelheid Popp's "Autobiography of a Working Woman" in its original German; and one of the last acts of her life was to arrange for its publication in England. The preface she was to have written in the English edition is penned by her husband, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.; the volume also contains August Bebel's preface to the German edition. It is a powerful book, intensely human and convincing, unfolding its narrative in a simple, downright manner. The story shows us a little girl who has to struggle for every bit of bread she eats—a young woman with tremendous odds against her, who has never had a fair chance to live—and finally we see the woman who is reaping the results of her years of self-culture and unfailing courage. Frau Popp wrote because she says "I recognised in my lot that of hundreds and thousands of the women and girls of the working class, because I saw great social phenomena at work in what surrounded me and brought me into difficult situations." This is a book that cannot be too widely read, and the sooner the unenlightened in those great social problems that it deals with are startled by the revelations it contains for them, the better it will be for the world.

THE COMEDY OF CATHERINE THE GREAT. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With 6 Portraits. 15s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Gribble is one of the most attractive of writers of the more piquant kind of biography. His work is always readable and illuminating almost as often. There are occasions, perhaps, when the author shows his hand too obviously, as in the following passage, but Mr. Gribble does not miss his effect. "The Grand Equerry, Narishkin," he tells us, "was a lower comedian than Potemkin, and without his brains; but there was no courtier whose company Catherine found more agreeable. His chief feat during the excursion under review was to spin a top on the table at which the royal party was sitting. It was a top as big as a man's head, and it contained an explosive. It burst, and the fragments flew into the faces of the diplomatists who were admiring it. If we could imagine the late Dan Leno, in the reign of the late Queen Victoria, playing such a practical joke at the expense of the late Lord Salisbury, at Osborne or Balmoral, the analogy would help us." Catherine the Great forms an admirable subject for Mr. Gribble. Possibly he does not give the reader much idea as to why she was styled "the Great," but he does endow her with life. She is presented to us here as a very human and very charming woman, not as "the Messalina of the North." "The truth is that Catherine was a woman not only of exceptional ability but also of exceptional charm; and that, if she had to be placed on her defence before a jury of matrons commissioned to judge her by modern moral standards, she would be able to plead, in the language of the criminals who are only criminal through circumstance, that she "had never had a chance." The reader will find much to amuse and interest in this admirable piece of work.

WILLIAM JAMES. By Emile Boutraux. Translated by Archibald and Barbara Henderson. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

This small book is both an interpretation and a defence of the philosophy of William James. It is interesting, with the lucidity that is usual in French philosophy and science, and has the charm that belongs to the writing of an enthusiastic disciple; the translation is very well done, and reads like an original work. In many cases the actual lives of men are best written in their works, but in some men the personality is a real help to the understanding of that work. This is conspicuously so in the case of William James, his life was a working out of his philosophy, and his personality added much to the charm and the persuasiveness of his teaching. We hope therefore (with Mons. Boutraux) that his brother may be induced to compile his biography, for though the two brothers worked in quite different fields, their intellectual and moral outlook is very closely akin. Amongst philosophers, the man, William James, arouses much the same kind of affection that is felt for Charles Lamb amongst men of letters. The book contains seven chapters, and includes a very brief sketch of the life and personality, and an attempt to sum up his whole trend of thought from the volume which unfortunately remains a mere fragment called "Some Problems of Philosophy." Mr. James, as a philosopher, was profoundly interested in and had a great respect for religion; he held, too, quite definite religious beliefs. His largest and chief book, the "Principles of Psychology" (1890), though in reality not an easy book to fully understand, can be read with pleasure and profit by any intelligent person. Mons. Boutraux says that it is "a rigorously scientific work in form, as well as in substance, in a very real way envisaging psychology as a natural science, and at the same time very easy-going in traversing the precise and subtle subjects involved, very lively, very elegant, very captivating, agreeable and invigorating reading for a man of the world, no less than an indispensable working instrument for the specialist." Like Frederick Myers, Henry Sidgwick and others, William James was an ardent student of Psychical Research, and hoped through that for a philosophical basis for religious belief, and was fully convinced that religious experiences are often based on actual fact. The chapter on Religious Psychology is the least satisfactory in the volume, but it ought to tempt those who have not already read "Varieties of Religious Experience, a Study in Human Nature," to take up that book which appeals equally to the devout and philosophic reader. The most important chapter is that on *Pragmatism*, for though James was not the first to use that word, nor to expound the doctrines which are connoted by it, yet quite fairly his place amongst philosophers is based upon the fact that he was practically the founder of *Pragmatism*, which Mr. Bertrand Russell describes as "a genuinely new philosophy and singularly well adapted to the predominant intellectual temper of our time." It would be absurd in a short review of a book which is itself nothing more than a populariser of a system of philosophy to attempt an exposition of *Pragmatism;* a slight hint may be gathered from James' own words, "the true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good, too, for definite assignable reasons." Mons. Boutraux's chapter will prove a help to those who want to understand this philosophy, and may be taken as an introduction to William James' two volumes which deal specifically with it, "Pragmatism" and the "Meaning of Truth." The more serious student will do well to read the trenchant criticisms which Mr. Bertrand Russell has issued in his volume "Philosophical Essays" to weigh the matter well, and to make up his own mind.

COLOUR MUSIC. THE ART OF MOBILE COLOUR. By A. Wallace Rimington. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Amongst those who have been workers in the various arts, there has been current for centuries a fable relating to a machine from which, by playing on a keyboard, one evoked, not music, but changing colours. It appears that this is no longer a myth; Mr. Wallace Rimington has devised and erected in his studio what he terms a Colour Organ. An octave of the keys has been made to correspond with the entire octave of the spectrum, starting from the red at the middle C and running up by "semi-tones" to the violet on the B above. On depressing any of the keys, the corresponding colour is projected upon a screen.

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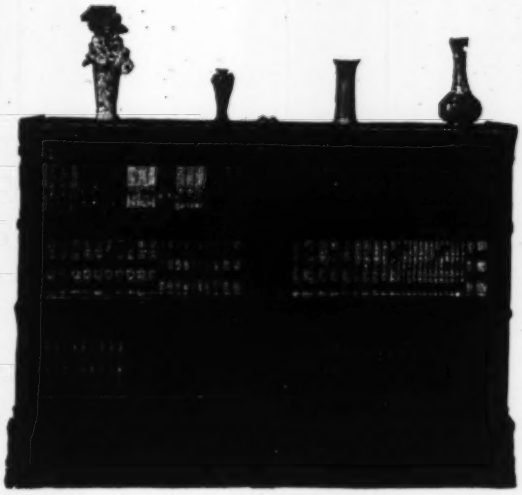

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